

THE
PASSIONATE
LOVERS,
A
TRAGI-COMEDY.

The First and Second Parts.

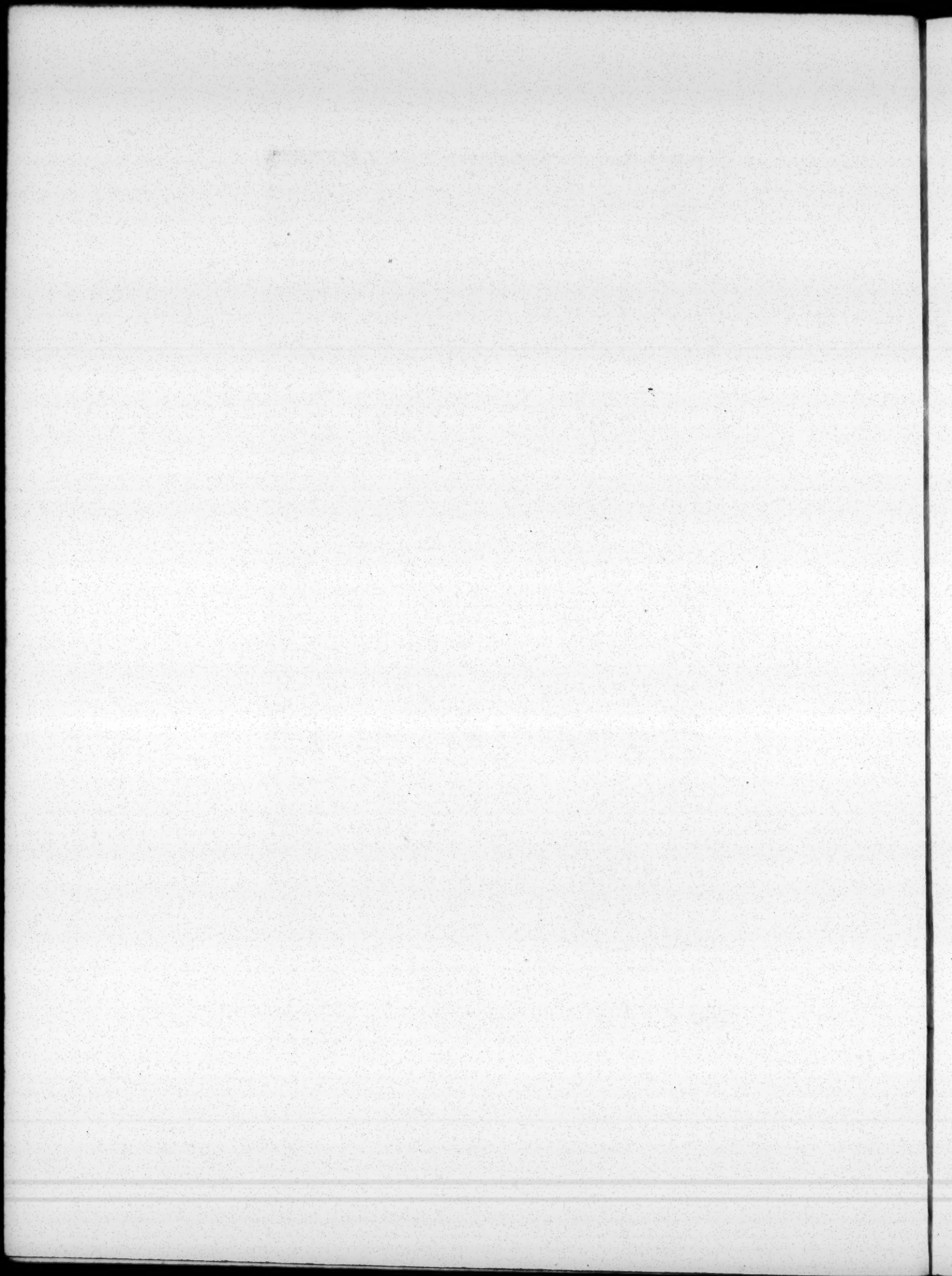
Twice presented before the KING and
QUEEN'S Majesties at *Somerset-House*,
and very often at the Private House in
Black-Friars, with great Applause,

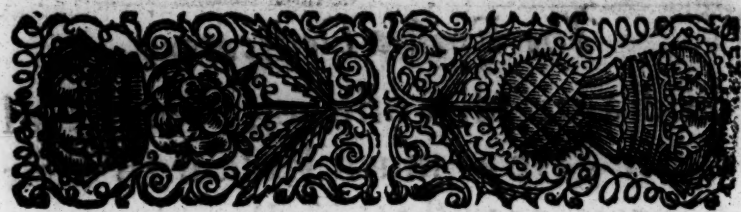
By his late MAJESTIES Servants.

Written by
LODOWICK CARLELL, Gent.

LONDON,
Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, and are to be
sold at his shop at the sign of the *Prince's Arms*
in *St. Pauls Church-yard*. 1655.

*collated
&
Perfect
O.K. 1798.*





TO THE
ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCESS,
MARY
Dutcheſs of
RICHMOND and LENOX.

Madam,



Humbly offer Your
Grace the laſt ſacri-
fice of this nature
that is in my power,
having only a hope
that it may be re-
ceiv'd by You with that favour as
when it was formerly preſented. And
ſo, Madam, I only dare to appear in
an addreſs to You, as others to their
Altars, who by ſacrifices get pardon
for their defects, if not advance their
devotions. This was to your Sex in-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

deed a peculiar offering, whilst all either gave as much Passion to their Adorers, or wisht their Beauties great enough to do it: your Graces excellencies alone have been by all admirers esteem'd at so great and just a value, as to create, and not reward mens passions. This with as just a reverence I present to you, hoping for this Romantique passion such an entertainment as none durst expect for real ones; your severity would deny a reception to those, which your charity may grant to this: And believe, he that attempts all ways to express his respects and duty, has more then Fortune will give him leave to shew, The unhappy condition at this time of

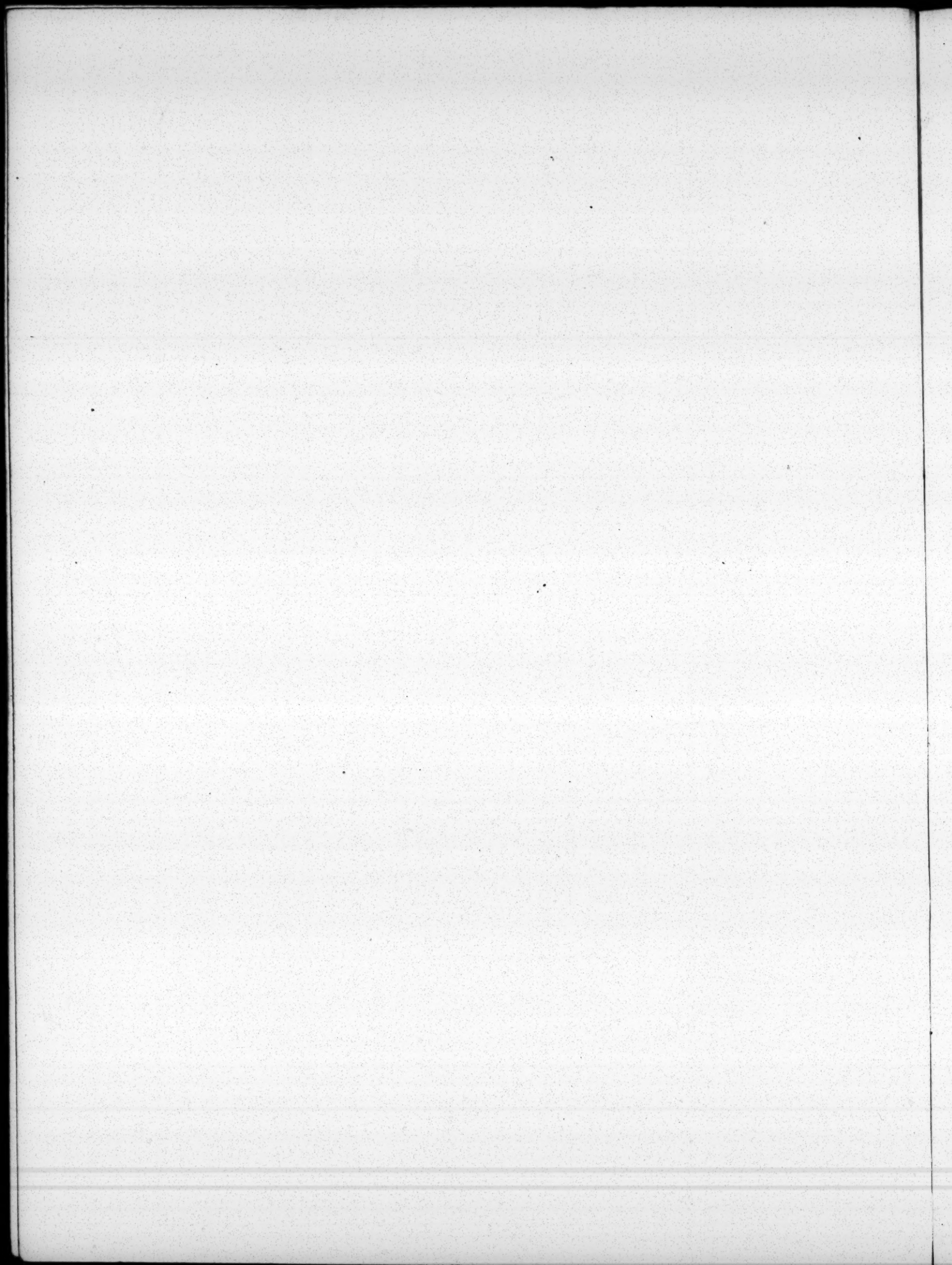
MADAM,

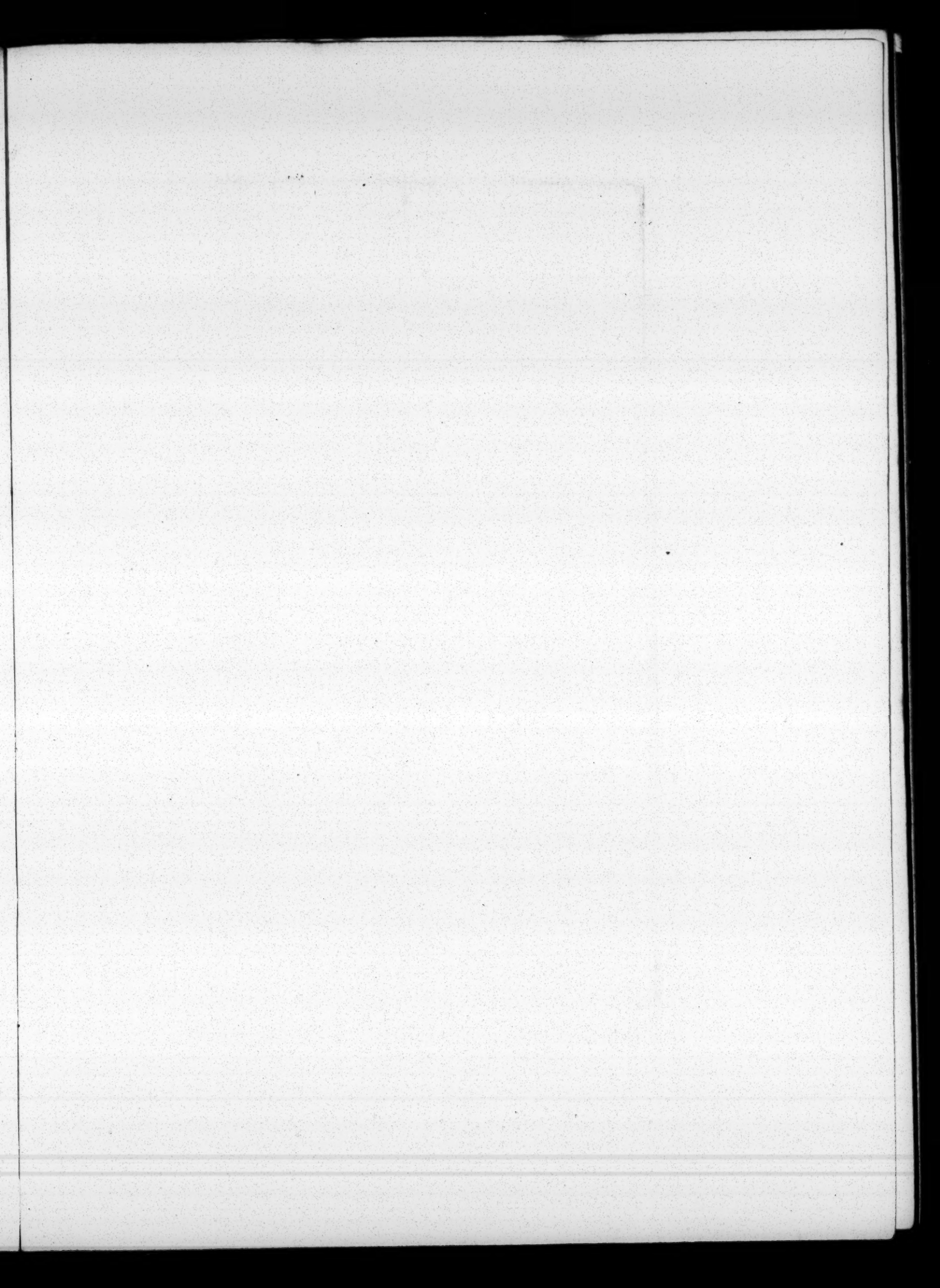
*The most humble of all
your Graces most ob-
liged Servants,*

PROLOGUE.

High labour'd lines you may expect from those,
Whose pleasure is their studies : Most here knows
This Author hunts, and hawks, and feeds his Deer,
Not some, but most fair days throughout the year.
Such rude dull heavy Scenes expect you then,
As after suppers vapours from his pen.
Would you not ask, Why then does he write Plays,
Since now great Wits strive for Dramatick bays ?
Pardon what's past : That may now counted wit,
Although enjoin'd, he'l deal no more in it :
Since dying to the Stage, his last request
Is, that you would not like the worst Scenes best.
If this desire injurious seem to some,
I wonder not : Divers to Plays do come,
Not to be pleas'd, unless the Play be bad ;
So what th'ingenious like, doth make them sad :
We tax not here their judgment or their wit,
But that so much ill nature's join'd with it.
Others there be, which like the Austrian race,
Wits empire ties alone to those they grace :
Nay, so opinion'd of themselves they be,
They'l praise things most absurd ; and when they see
Those whose simplicity admires their wit,
To do the same, they laugh at them and it.
'Tis not these Bugbears that do haunt the Stage,
Should fright an Author ; since 'tis plain, this Age
Hath more clear judgments then was ever known :
But most Apollo's beams break from the throne,
And with a double sweetness doth invite
All that have gifts in Verse or Prose, to write.
Which he would still, but that his period's past ;
For sure you'l find this Play worse then the last.

THE







THE
Names and Characters of
the Persons.

King of *Burgony*.
Agenor } His sons.
Clarimant }

Cleon } Three Lords disaffected to the
Senor } Prince *Agenor*.
Stremon }

Lucidor, a Lord } Friends to *Agenor*.
Clindor, a Captain }

Merchant.

Captain.

Souldiers.

Clorinda, the Kings Niece.

Selina, her Woman.

King of *Neustrea*.

Prince of *Aquitain* } Suitors to *Austella*.
Two other Princes }

Lords

A Druid.

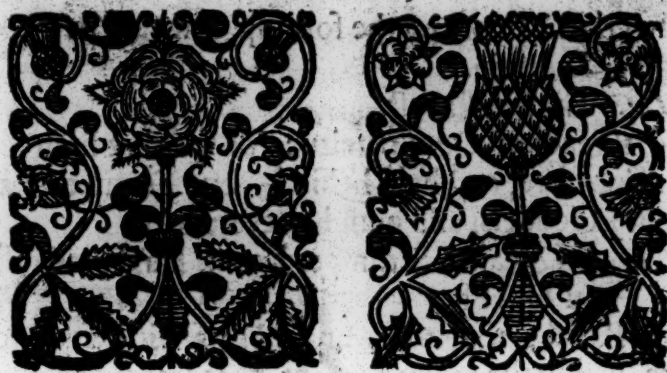
Sailors.

Austella, the Kings daughter.

Olinda, her Sister.

The Scenes { *BURGONY*.
 { *NEUSTREA*.

THE



THE
Passionate Lover,

FIRST PART.

Act. I. Scæn. I.

Enter *Lucidor*, and *Clindor*, and a *Captain*,
(severally.)

Lucid.



Ell met, *Clindor*.

Clind. I would it were so.

Lucid. Why, what misfortune is happened, man?

Clind. A pox on Fortune,
she ne'r was friend of mine;

And now the wars are at end, there's no way left
For men of merit to supply themselves: But cou'd I

B

Catch

Catch that Beldam by the foretop, I would so
Lug her Ladiship:

Lu. Thou mistakest,
And threatnest Opportunity: 'tis she that hath
A lock before, and bald behind; but Fortune is a
Mighty Goddess, and must be reverenc'd.

Cl. A Quean, a Strumpet by this hand; and she
you talk of
Is her Bawd; they pickt my pockets with a pair of
Dice, giving the mony to a Sot, that scarce knew
How to tell it when he had won it.

Lu. That was ill luck.

Cl. To lose a months pay in a night, now when I'm
Never like to see another muster, nor hope of booty:
O I could eat these fingers!

Lu. Lose not thy patience, and then thy monies
Will not afflict thee.

Cl. Pray will ye lend me 20 Crowns, and keep it
for me.

Lu. Keep what?

Cl. My patience.

Lu. Thou hast none.

Cl. To what end then was your grave advice,
My great Foolosopher I stand by.

Enter Senor and Stremon.

(manders)

Sen. Believe me, if the insolencie of these Com-
That are come back with the Prince be not restrain'd,
This Court, best ordered in the world,
Will grow to Barbarism and shame our Nation,
Chiefly us, that should keep all in form.

Str. My Lord, take heed whilst you too much study
A regularity, you not forget the proper time:
The Court is yet a kind of Camp, a place of free
access.

In

The Passionate Lover

3

In which the Prince is as the Sun,
Whose cheerful rays give life to all.

Clind. Wil't please your Lordship to buy a Vir-
tue of me?

Sen. Sure I believe 'tis a very beggerly one.

Cl. Your Lordship's a witch; 'tis Patience indeed,
The beggers virtue; you shall have it for 20 crowns.

Sen. Sirra, this sawciness may in time
Procure you the beggers punishment
To exercise your virtue, A whip.

Clind. Hum, a whip!

Lu. Your Lordships reply was by much too harsh
For harmless merriment, and argues you
Of a proud dogged nature.

Sen. Pray teach not me to speak, my Lord,
Until I go about to teach you how to fight.

Lu. I would your formal Lordship wore a sword,
I should most gladly learn.

Sen. I do not want when I intend to wear one.

Lu. Certain you do, pray put it on against
I see you next, let this remember you. *{ Puls him by*

Sen. What insolence is this? *{ the nose.*

Clind. My Lord fight with him, or by his hand
Ye have got my patience, and you shall pay me for't.

Sen. How now you base Rascal!

Enter Agenor, Cleon, and Attendants.

Age. Who's that he calls so?

Lu. One sir, that I have seen do bravely in the wars.

Age. The attribute was very course:

Sir, you must know those whom I call fellows
In arms, and who for you and me, and all
Have spent their bloods, must meet with better
Recompence then contumelious words.

'Tis such as you that buz into my Fathers ears

B 2

A

A thousand tales, contract his bounties into nothings
Or little to any soldier; and this not as good husbands
For your master, but your selves, that your shares
May be greater.

Sen. I hope your Highness will on better knowledg
Change this hard opinion.

Cle. I dare engage my self, your Highness
May absolutely dispose my Lord:

Age. Since you esteem him as a friend, I should not
Be displeased to have cause to believe it.

Cle. The occasion is only wanting, Sir.

Age. Well my Lord, if it prove so, I know how
To reward those that serve me. Go *Lucidor*.
And enquire if my Father be ready yet.

Sen. If it please your Majesty, I shall.

Age. You forget, my Lord,
That title is only due to my Father.

Clind. To whom he had so great a mind to make
complaint;
That he forgot himself.

Age. Let him complain: Those that are mine I
will secure.

Clind. Who are not such, deserve not your pro-
tection.

Age. There, share that purse betwixt you; I'll go.
Be to night at my chamber at 9 a clock: now leave us:

Clind. The Gods bless your Highness.

Lucid. What say you now to the old Beldam, is
she not kind? *(manent Age. Cleon.)*

Clind. She durst do no other. *[Exeunt:]*

Cleon. Sir, as I told you, upon my knowledge
Your Father is posselt with a belief
That your late victories and custom of commanding
In the Army, hath made you quite forget
How to obey; and Sir, to humble you, your greatest
Do receive daily affronts: *(Captains*

Age.

The Passionate Lover.

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Age. My Captains ! even my self do feel their injuries.

My needful bounty's censured prodigality,
My courtesie insinuations ; and all
What I have ever learnt for good or commendable
Turn to my prejudice : Nothing, I see,
Can please my Father, or free me from suspicion,
Unless I prove my self or base, or foolish.

Cleon. The present affairs, sir, of this Kingdom
Call for a man both wise and valiant :
Such I must say you are ; nor is this needful truth
Thus timely urged, to be esteemed a flattery,
Though spoken to your self. Your father, sir, was
what you are ;

But now time and infirmities have brought him
Near to what we truly might call dotage
In a meaner man. And is it reasonable
You should stand by an idle looker on,
Whilst his weak or false Conncellors and he
Make peace or war with foreign States,
Dispose of government and Offices at home,
Not on the best deserver, but the greatest briber,
Or such a Lords particular friend or kinsman.

Age. Truth is, I do appear now at home of no
esteem :

Even those Princes lately made subject
By my sweat and blood, no one of their Ambassadors
Makes any particular address to me.

Cle. 'Twere madness if they should,
The certain way to miss their ends ; no sir,
Your younger brother *Clarimant* is the known
Powerful Advocate for favors from the King ;
And for the Prince himself, and power,
Are both laid prostrate at the feet
Of his fair Cousin the Lady *Clorinda*.

Age. Does she not deserve to be obeyed ?

Cle.

Cle. Doubtless no Virgin lives that equals her
in merit :

And yet 'tis possible the Prince may have
Another end besides her personal worth,
Which makes him court her.

Age. What end ?

Cle. You know, sir, at least must needs have heard
Her ancestors have been pretenders to this Crown,
And time hardly wears out the right of Princes.

Age. 'Tis true, hardly where right ;
But a pretension not then prosperous,
Neither lives but to shame the undertakers memory.
But were it otherwise in this particular,
I durst trust my brother, indeed in any,
For I know his love to me is firm.

Cle. Sir, 'tis a noble confidence in you,
Nor would I seek to change that quiet peace
That lodges in your mind, for a worse guest, suspicion.
But if I do not freely speak my fears,
I shall be guilty of a treason to my Prince
And friend. Your brother, sir, fosters ambitious hopes;
And howsoe'er you slight *Clorinda's* title,
That is their chiefest nourishment.

Age. It is impossible.

Cle. If I should tell you, some believe your father
Holds what I have said, is conscious that he
Does keep the Crown by wrong, and so would
By a marriage set all strait ; this would exact
A greater faith than you, I know, can yet allow.

Age. 'Tis true, for this implies my disinheriting,
The falshood of my brother, nay something more
Than this, which I may chance one day to tell you
freely :

But now I live curbed in my person,
Nay my thoughts pent up, when I would ease
My heart by uttering them.

Cle.

Cle. Enlarge your self each way:

Age. Oh I must not.

(Country

Cle. Then I will for you. My grief to see my
Lose the advantage of your best of years
For action, makes me speak plain and home,
Though to the hazard of my head, if you mislike
The counsel; nor will I put you upon danger,
And not share it with you?

Age. What is't you mean? I am confident you
love me.

Cle. As I do happiness, which is included
In your knowledge of my faith and love.

Age. Speak then.

Cle. In short 'tis this:

Propose a war in *Germany*, raise a great Army,
Live there a King, since here you cannot.

Age. My father never will consent.

Cle. Where's that Souldier or Commander, will
not obey
Your summons?

Age. To raise an Army, my Father not allowing it,
Were treason; which once proclaim'd, would startle
The most resolute.

Cle. Scarce a man, if you should on the contrary
Make known what your intents were for your Coun-
Honor and profit.

Age. But in the mean time should they seize my
person?

Cle. But in the mean time should you seize your
Fathers person, which is sure much easier to do.

There's but few Nations that adore the setting sun;
The braver spirits do attend his rise,
And hope to mount with him aloft.

Age. Though I confess I willingly would aid
My Fathers feeble arm to hold the scepter right,
I would not force it from his hands.

Cle.

Cle. Two hands upon one scepter; men will interpret

Violence; however since 'twas ordain'd in one,
If violence at all, let it be powerful in effect:
The happy issue then may change the attribute
To providence care of the present & the future state:

Age. It is an affair of a high consequence,
Pray see me in the morning, I must take time
To think ———

Exit:

Cle. Do Prince, 'tis my desire, since thought
Must make that poison work, I have distill'd
Into thy soul; the compounds are so strong
And operative, that it must cause destruction
To thy self, father, or brother, if not all.
But soft: much time, and many dangers
Must be past, ere I can hope to touch that happy
Period; the part I long have acted
Must be still maintain'd; a seeming faithful
Servant to the father and his sons,
By each believ'd so tender of their safeties
And their honour, as if I had no sense
Of what concern'd the other two.
The grounds thus laid, and mutual jealousies growing
In each, I am secured from a discovery
By any general conference of theirs:
Nay, should an intimacie hold, as 'tis not like,
Betwixt the brothers, yet am I still secure
By their own nobleness, scorning to tell Councils
The secrets of an Enemy, much less reveal these of
a friend,
Which when I do, I shal no other but my self betray;
Friendship's an useful word, the substance thrown
away.

Exit:

Enter Clindor, Selina.

Clind. Nay Lady, if you flie, being so able to
defend,

I shall suspect you have an ambush here :
 I'll make good this ground, proud of my purchase ;
 I know 'tis of such value, that the restoring
 Will press you to another parly.

Sel. Why think you so ? To lose your company
 withall, (sensible.)

Will make the loss of any thing I have about me in-

Clind. Make good your word ; change but your
 maidenhead

For this ; and if I ever trouble you again —

Sel. O insolence ! can you believe that such a jewel
 Is reserv'd for you ? you may as well by your small
 Single valor hope to surprize the strongest fort.

Clind. Nay perhaps sooner, Lady ; may be you
 Know the first impossible.

Sel. I know 'tis impossible you should be other
 Than a rude Soldier.

Clind. True, whilst you are an uncivil Lady,
 'Tis wisdom to frame our selves like to the company
 We wish to keep. (seeming)

Sel. Indeed I must confess you put upon me in this
 Censure, a mighty obligation : your words imply as
 As if I would be wicked, you for conformity (much,
 Would be so too ; in troth I do not doubt it :
 But that you can as well conform yourself to better
 Images, is that I have no reason to believe.

Clind. From these your hard opinions, yet in a
 milder phrase

Express, judge charitably, that my disrespect
 Is likewise lessening : And certain, Lady,
 So many beauties as shew themselves about your
 Person, were gifts the Gods repented of,
 Which made them place a soul whose pride might tel
 the world

It was a goodly Temple built to shew their power,
 But not to share their adoration.

Sel.

Sel. I see you are an experienc'd Soldier,
And are not without stratagems, making your
Battery on the weakest side. You praise the beauty
Of my person, and dispraise my mind :
That too for what we almost hold a virtue, (pride)
Grant us but fair, whate're we seem, it is
Impossible we should be angry. (Lady,
Clind. No more of these ingenious confessions,
Lest I become Apostate from my old religion,
And believe there may be other beauties in your sex.
Then what the eye surveys.

Sel. I am wondrous sorry if I have said any thing
To gain your good opinion. *Enter Clarimant.*

Cl. O fear not, Lady, I am not *and Clorinda.*

so much taken yet
To trouble you with lamentable verses, (buttons
Or blow the candle out with sighs : breaking my
After a full meal, 's the highest I can reach to : I
assure you,
Methinks that Princely pattern is scarce worth
The following. The King?

Enter Old King, Cleon, Senor, Strimon.

O.K. I see you lose no opportunity to become
Gracious with the Ladies, I like it well ;
Your brother's more unnatural, and courts the men.

Cle. The men of action, sir, he does indeed.

O.K. The men of turbulence and ambition :
But I shall check his and their haughty spirits.

Cle. Let what you do, sir, be with moderation,
He's of a fierce nature, and can ill endure
Reproof, however just.

O.K. Fierce nature ! shall I observe a boy ?
I am his father and his King ; and what he fails
In duty to the one, the other shall enforce him
To confess and satisfy. *Cl.*

The Passionate Lover.

11

Cle. 'Tis just indeed. (know

O.K. And being so, I must not fear to let him
His faults. [Enter *Agenor* and *Lucidor*]

Now sir, what would you with us?

Age. I must not hope, sir, you will grant the suit
I come to move, until I see your brow more calm.

O.K. If you dislike these looks, remove the cause.

Age. Perhaps it is not, sir, in me, but in your self :
There are some waters where the billows rise
Though no cross winds do blow ; Earthquakes are in
Another kind the same, the causes dark,
And yet not more then are your groundless distastes
From whence this tempest grows.

O.K. Your words explain your actions, and your
actions them :
From both you do conclude my weakness,
And your innocence from fault.

Age. The latter is, and still hath been my study ;
Shew me wherein, sir, I have err'd,
In what I have deserved your hard opinion :
Till when I would not, sir, by asking pardon
Create a guilt.

O.K. I know you rather do expect that I should
sue to you,
And I will do it. Pray give me leave to be
A King some few years more ; you know
I shall not trouble you when your turn comes.

Clorind. Dear servant, I find my self not well.

Clari. Heaven forbid ! *Exeunt Clor. Clari.*

Age. Sir, I do find your age is wrought upon
By some unworthy men, who for their own ends
Keep me from that interest nature and reason
Ought to yield me in your love ; which since
I cannot hope from you by my true service,
(Still misinterpreted) I scorn to seek
To gain it by a flattery of them.

C 2

O.K.

O.K. I know those whom I favour;
Are for that cause the objects of your hate.
And 'tis not strange, that having forfeited
Much of your own obedience, you should dislike
Their faithfulness.

Age. I see, sir, 'tis in vain to plead a cause
Already judg'd against me: *Cunning*
Weighs down my interest in your blood.
I came, sir, with a hope to obtain some suits (fall,
For others, which now reason commands me to let
And rather beg what I am only likely to obtain.

O.K. What's that, I pray?

Age. Your leave, sir, to retire
My self, to free your Majesty
And me both from disturbance.

O.K. You ask and grant your self, 'tis well.

Exeunt Age. Lucid. Glind.

Cle. Sir, that retirement he intends,
Grows not from duty, but ambition.
Out of that cloud ere long he means to break
Forth gloriously; the world, sir, cannot admit
More then one Sun; and he's resolved to shine,
Though nature suffer in it.

O.K. It was still my fear, you have no other proofs
But your conjecture.

Cleon. I would I had not, sir; but such my love is
to your Majesty,
That to preserve the Royal stem, I must not fear
To hazard breaking a corrupted branch.
At more convenience I shall inform you.

Exeunt King, Cleon, Attendants.

Sen. The King is old and sickly, inconstant by
nature;
And we must, whilst this heat of passion lasts,
Work for our safety by the Princes ruine.
If he should come to reign, our power, if not our
lives, Is

Is at end; but both are likely to be safe
And prosperous under his brother *Clarimant*,
Who is of a soft and gentle nature,
Apt to be governed.

Stre. Especially when it shall appear
We have both will and power to serve him
In attaining to the Crown.

Senor. Perhaps Lord *Cleon* does resolve the same,
And he's a man of power and blood; we being join'd
How can we miss our end,
Since the whole Court does on us three depend?

Exeunt.

Enter *Clarimant* and *Clorinda*:

Clar. Dear Lady, do not welcom sadness thus:
Trust me, it is an ill mannered guest,
And seldom leaves us; though we grow weary
Of its company, and wish it gone.

Clor. Not to be sensible when there is cause,
Would shew stupidity.

Clar. Wise men affirm there is no cause of sorrow
But for offending heaven.

Clor. These strengths of mind you Men enjoy,
Are certain to our weaker sex denied.

Clar. Alas, but I am none of those;
For if you grieve, I cannot be exempted: (then!

Clor. Would I had kept my troubles to my self
I would not have them grow by being guilty
Of infecting you. (my self,

Clar. A sympathie with you for what concerns
Though it be grief to me, is pleasing.

Clor. I must not say so much for you;
And yet this is the only time I ever wisht
Your absence: pray sir be pleased to leave me
To my self.

Clar.

Cla. And 'tis the only time I ever durst seem
Disobedient; be but your self, and I will leave you;
But whilst you are in bondage,
A prisoner to your grief, I must not.

Clo. Ye are cruel in your kindness, sir,
And tie me faster: A ransom of my tears
Being plentifully paid, perhaps may free me;
And whilst you stay, shame bars me from the trial.

Cla. I would not see you weep; for if your tears
Were shed in vain, it would call in question
My religion, as having paid my vows
To powers insensible. (self

Clo. Take heed, sweet Prince, you do not jest your
Into idolatry, and over-act that part you personate;
To please a brother; that were a guilt
Neither your tears nor mine can expiate,

Cla. I fear your warning comes too late for me.

Clo. I hope I understand you not.

Cla. You do not Lady, nor I my self,
For I have spoke I know not what: shame forces
An obedience, which your commands could not.
All peace of mind wait on you.

Enter *Agenor*.

Stay brother, whither so fast? I came to seek you,
Stay—

Cla. Not for the world, and pray henceforth
Let us not injure truth. Exit.

Age. What means this?

Clo. My Lord, I know not well, some discontent.

Age. Are we alone? is there no other eye but
that of

Heaven beholds us?

Clo. None that I know. (sake

Age. Blest opportunity! still I am fearful; for your
I would not have our loves discover'd now by chance
Which with such art and care hath been so long

Con-

17
Conceal'd from all men but my brother.

Clo. I would it had been so from him too, sir:

Age. Why do you fear he will discover us?

Clo. O no sir, but ———

Age. But what?

Clo. The gods were witness enough for me, sir,
'Twere my glory, were it known; if in your fortune
But a slave, I should with joy proclaim to all
The world what your interest were in me:
But for your sake, considering how your father
Frowns already, I scarce dare to my self
Whisper the joy of being yours.

Age. My father! let not that trouble you,
We will be free as he ere long, and our commands
Better obeyed:

Clo. O speak not again my fears! how sir? better
obeyed!

Age. By those that love me, and will live and die
with me.

Clo. Die with you, sir! why should that come in
question?

Age. Only as an expression of my friends affection.

+ *Clo.* But sir, were all men what they seem,
That which I fear you do intend, is that
Which heaven cannot approve; take heed of dis-
obedience, sir.

Age. Why dost thou plead against thy self, a-
gainst thy joyes

And mine? Now as I am, I dare not look on these
Bright eyes, the comforts of my life, nor touch this
hand,

These lips, not speak but by the assistance
Of my brother.

Clo. This is a freedom, sir, modesty could not allow
Did we oft meet; and as it is, do not again
Expect it.

Age.

Age. Why, dearest, are you so nice? you do not love me:

Your hand you will not sure refuse me. *(nity.*

Clo. I shall, sir, if you presume upon an opportu-

Age. You never did deny that favor to my brother As my substitute.

Clo. It is confess, and that in publike too, More willingly I there would grant him any modest Favor, then here to you in private.

Age. That's strange.

Clo. Do we not often give those praises to a person Absent, which modesty would make us blush To speak unto himself?

Age. It seems I must be only favored by attorney:

Clo. Not so; the mind being the noblest part, I't not enough if that be happy?

Age. Yes, if it could subsist without a body: Which since it cannot, dearest mistress, if you'll be just, The beauties of your person must in some measure Satisfie the flames that they create. *{ Offers to*

Clo. Sir, I believe you will not think 'tis *kiss her.* a forc'd modesty

That I put on; though I should tell you I am not pleas'd

At all to be alone with you; yet how much

I do love you, it were in vain to speak

That love enjoins, as you will keep your faith

To me, not to disturb the quiet of your Father

And this Kingdom, likely to be yours;

Do not expect to find them faithful in the time

To come, to whom you shall teach falshood

By your own example. *(ingrate*

Age. Happily I have no such design; we are To fortune and to Love, in spending this happy Opportunity on any other subject

Then what may tend unto his glory:

Clo.

Clo. I see, Sir, I must leave you, or my modesty.

Age. Dear do not frown; pardon those faults
Your beauties and my love engage me in.

Clo. Should I grant that for an excuse sufficient,
Where should we find a guilty or immodest person,
Since all immoderate desires do find a beauty
In their object, which promises a pleasure
By enjoying? My love then yours is of a purer
Kind, and fit it should, as growing from
A nobler cause, your greater merit:
Be witness heaven, I never yielded yet
To any thought or motion, wherein your happiness
Had not precedence.

Age. Should I pretend to what you do appropriate,
The greatest love, 'twould shew presumption.
Yet here I offer what you dare not perform
To me, a free unlimited disposing
Of my person and my will.

Clo. I take you at your word; and though your
Humble servant, as a Mistress do impose
These two commands: Be modest in your love,
And patient in your expectation of a Crown;
Let all things be mature and ripen'd to perfection,
Then they are sweet and lovely; but on the
Contrary, many infirmities accompany
Abortive births, seldom or never lasting. *She offers to*

Age. Sure you will not leave me thus, *go away:*

Clo. Yes sir, I must,
The greatness of my love commands me,
Remember your promise.

Age. You do express it strangely;
Would you stay longer, if you loved me less?

Clo. With much more confidence. I tremble, sir, lest
Some unwelcome person should find us here
Alone; if there were company with whom you
Might discourse, I should stand by and hear you

With delight, look on you with much more :
Now apprehension of discovery takes away
All pleasure from me.

Age. If we must ever live with this constraint
upon us,

Where are the joys of love ? It rests not sure
Alone in being beloved, but in possession.
He that despairs in love, hath a more happy fate
Then I : You do not love me sure ; what have I
More then words to build my faith upon ?
If you have pitty in you, be more kind,
Or free me from my last engagement.

Clo. Not for a million.

Age. Trust me, I shall not hold my self sufficiently
Obliged, unless I seal my promise on your lip.

Clo. He that will break his word, no other tie
Can hold him.

Age. Yet never any fearful Creditor
(Such you appear to be) refused an Obligation.

Clo. This is the last you ever as a Mistress
Shall receive from me. (tick !

Age. May your last words prove happily prophe-

Clo. Think on your promise, sir. *Exit.*

Age. I do ; so sweet was the engagement,
That whilst I think on it, even then
It prompts me to the breaking, the only way
For to attain a greater blifs in her. Promises
Made in prejudice of Love, I should be most profane
To keep ; nor can she be offended, however fear
And modesty in her forbad me to attempt.
Power, and her dear Embraces, are alike
The objects of my soul : shall danger then make me
retire ? (safety
No, danger thrusts me on, and tells me there's no
But in arms, which well imployed, cancels my fault
Unto my father, and smoothes *Clorinda's* brow :

She

She cannot be so cruel to herself to frown
On disobedience that presents a Crown. *Exit.*

Act. 2. Scæn. I.

Enter Clarimant.

Clar. O Fool ! for ever thou hast forfeited thy bliss,
She never will endure to hear thee speak,
Or look upon her more. What falshood
Must she think me guilty of ? I am so sensible
Of my offence, that though she would admit me,
I durst never see her more : How poor a value then
Bears life !

Enter Agenor with a Picture.

Brother ! *Clar.* Ha !

Age. How strangely you are alter'd !

Clar. You do not erre sir, I was not wont to be
thus sad.

Age. Nor do I hope you will continue long so ;
Your grief may prove infectious, pray shake it off,
You shall not else keep company with my *Clorinda*.

Clar. I never will, sir.

Age. How, brother ?

Clar. This sadness will not leave me.

Age. Come, by all our interests I conjure you
Speak freely what troubles you.

Clar. Then sir, in short, you have undone me.

Age. I ! dearest brother.

Clar. Yes, you : Did you not enjoin (stret,
That I should make in publike address to your Mi-
By which received opinion you might be freer
In your love ?

D :

Age.

Age. Had you engaged me in the like,
I should with joy have done it.

Clar. My care was such to do it to the life,
That I am really become what I did personate;
Are not you then the cause that I am miserable?

Age. What do I hear! can there be truth in this?
If it be so, speak it again.

Cla. 'Tis that I never must deny,
I love her more than I do life.

Age. Or faith, or honour, do you not?

Cla. Sure I believe nothing with her can stand in
competition long.

Yet I will never see her more.

Age. It is not fit you should. What do I feel!
Can the meer name of Rival trouble me?

Yes, with the addition that he is my brother.
But whither am I falling? Assist me Reason,
Let me but weigh my Mistress's unequal'd beauty,
And her greater merit, and that must prove
Both his excuse, and my assurance.

Cla. I fear, sir, you are angry; Not that I value
Any danger, but that I would not have you so unjust.

Age. Trust me I am not, brother,
I will admit you as a friendly Rival:
Make her inconstant once, and I shall gladly quit her.

Cla. Had you so mean a thought of her or me,
It were an injury I could not suffer.

Age. Come, come, upon my life I have not.
Some business, brother, of the highest importance
Commands me from you, perhaps from Court ere
long.

And that I may assure you of my love and trust,
Carry from me this Picture to my dearest Mistress.

Clar. Sir, I beseech you pardon me; I would not
see her

When I may avoid it; there's too much danger
In the object.

Age.

The Passionate Lover:

21

Age. Remember she's your Brothers Mistress,
that will protect you.

Cla. I never did forget; pray send it by some
other. [*Offers the Picture back.*]

Age. I shall believe you do indeed intend to woo
My mistress from me; since you refuse to appear to
My friend and messenger. (her

Cla. Sir, I will do it; but henceforth never mis-
doubt

The strengths you hold upon me; for I in it
Do break a resolution equal to a vow.

Age. Farewell.

Exit.

Clar. How hard a fate is mine! to what cross
actions

Doth our passions move? I flee from what I wish;
Yet to assist anothers flame, I grant what
To my own I had denied. Oh no, it is not thus;
For every action rightly weighed, it will be found,
Our own advantage is the proper center
Where all lines meet: For if I truly apprehended
A discontent from seeing her, I should not sure
Have yielded to the inforcement of my brother.
No, 'tis with me as with those men who are
By nature strongly tempted to some lust,
Pleas'd in the sin, yet grant no guilt,
Only alleadging for excuse, They must.

Exit.

Enter *Cleon* and *Selina*:

Cle. Sweet *Selina*, it is not now that I shall need
To make a declaration of my love,
You long have known the engagement of my heart.

Sel. My Lord, my obligations are so great,
That you may justly claim the utmost of my power
Toward the accomplishment of your desires.

X *Cle.* I have been too unthankful to so true a friend;
Bae

But be assured that thou shalt have my best
Of fortunes with me; in the mean time wear this
To keep me in thy memory. (monies)

Sel. It needs not sir, I have already too many testi-
Of your favor, to forget.

Cle. When was Prince *Clarimant* with thy Lady?

Sel. When was he not? I fear, sir, her affection
To him is so rooted, that it will grow for ever.
Yet I have used those arts you taught me,
And some female practises of mine, but all in vain.
But sir, despair not, since as yet you never
Did make known your love to her; and were she of
My mind, she soon would make a difference
Betwixt a boy, a child, and such a man as you.

Cle. Friendship doth blind thee, more then love
does me:

The frost I wear upon my locks, will keep
My fire from kindling in her breast;
Whilst equal youth and beauty in the Prince
Gives nourishment unto a mutual flame.

Sel. I hope it will ——— [Aside]

Cle. Yet prethee say that I would speak with her,
And have a care none overhear our conference.

Sel. My Lord, I shall endeavour it; she's now in
the garden. *Exit. Sel.*

Cle. It is not love alone unto the Princess person,
I know I cannot be so faithless to my own designs,
No, 'tis her interest to the Crown engages me
As much as does her beauty or her wit:
And yet she holds by those, when I do see,
Or hear her speak, great power upon me.
But I must watch my flame, no spark let fall
That may give any light of my affection to her,
In a third person I must try her,
Since she's of humane race, a woman to her mother,
Whether from her be not derived some seeds

Of

Of the first female weakneses, ambition and
Inconstancie; which if I find, I'll nourish them,
And in their growth my hopes; but if I see
Such powerful charm no alteration move,
She claims my adoration, cures my love.

[Enter *Clorinda, Selina.*]

She comes, be firm my resolution,
The splendor of her eyes is powerful; already
My designs meet with confusion: Love gives the lye
To my ambition, triumphs o're my discretion,
And tels me that a Crown's an airy nothing
Compared with the possessing of her personal
Beauty: what wonders will the magick of
Her tongue perform?

Clo. What means this?

Cle. 'Tis best I should at once profess my love,
And in her scorn receive a glorious death—
Stay, let me be a King first; and then to offer
Up my self to my great Deity,
Brings no dishonor to her shrine.

Clo. My Lord, did you not desire to speak with
me?

Cle. Madam, I did; and the affair is of such
weight,
That though I had consulted with my self before,
I durst not utter it without a second thought,
And none but your dear self to hear it.

Clo. Leave us. *Exit Selina.*

Cle. Madam, amongst those many whom your
perfections
Have devoted to your service, though not so happy
As with others to express my zeal,
There's none without exception I dare speak it, (you
Would sooner undertake, or hazard more to serve
This if you can believe, I dare enlarge my self:
If not, I must be satisfied with this expression.

Clo.

Clo. My Lord, if I be not mistaken, you are a friend
To those whom all know I do value highly; that,
Were I ignorant of your own worth,
Is argument enough for my esteem and trust.

Cle. I here do call the Gods to witness,
That all my study, all my friendship tends to your
advantage :

Nor is the Prince at all considerable to me,
But as he is your servant; but for your sake
I wish he were the the Monarch of the world.
For, how so much perfection can be ordain'd
To bless a Subjects bed, comes not within
The compass of my faith; and Prince *Clarimant*
Is never like to be a King.

Clo. To what tends this? (ther,

Cle. But had your love been plac'd upon his bro-
As his is upon you, ere long your beauties
Might have found their proper foil, a Crown,
To set them off as a bright constellation, there
All eyes might look on you with wonder
And delight; but in a Subjects name, your glories
Are obscured.

Clo. Either the Prince, as being his friend,
Hath made discovery to him of our loves,
Or he hath found cause to suspect.

Cle. Madam, I see what I have spoke, begets your
trouble.

Clo. I must confess it, sir; can it do less,
When I shall hear a person of your merit,
A friend as you profess, perswading me
To quit my faith for the vain expectation
Of a Crown.

Cle. Madam, the Crown will soon be his, as certain
As he loves you, and both as certain as I live.

Clo. It is impossible that Prince *Agenor* he should
And never speak his passion.

(love,
Cle.

Cle. No more then it was in me.

Clo. How fir, in you?

Cle. Madam, I will confels a secret to you,
I burn with a more zealous consuming fire
Then ever yet was kindled in a mortals breast;
Have often seen my Mistrefs, spoke to her,
Had opportunities alone, as now with you:
Yet such was my respect to her, I never durst
Exprefs my passion: Then, Madam, from the purity
Of my affection, judge of the Prince,
And reward his sufferings.

Clo. I must try him; Can this be possible?

Cle. Jove strike me with his thunder,
If what I now have said, be not a truth.

Clo. My Lord, if it be thus, I shall at least find pity
For his sufferings: my best of wishes too
For your success in love. (know

Cle. Would you be pleas'd, when I shall let you
Her name, to be my advocate? I cannot doubt
My happiness.

Clo. Sure he means me. — Alas, my Lord, what
you desire

I should perform for any worthy person,
Much more for you, since what I shall perswade
Must tend for certain to her happiness.

Cle. Can I ask more? she courts me to discover.

Enter Selina.

Divineſt Lady,
The Prince your servant desires admittance.

Cle. Hell take him! Madam, be pleas'd to grant me
The honor of your hand as an assurance
Of your promis'd favor.

Clo. If you believe I have the power to serve you
In your love, name but the time and person,
I am ready to assist you, were it this minute.

E

Cle.

Cle. I should too much presume upon your favor,
The Prince your servant being so near attending.

Clo. Do not mistake sir, he may stay.

Cle. Why am I fearful? dare I believe my self so
happy,

That you would miss the Prince's company a minute,
To pleasure me?

Clo. Yes by my life, two minutes; nor is't in me
Meer curiosity to know the loves of others,
But that I hold my self obliged no longer
To be ignorant of one whose worth and beauty
Hath the force to ad your conquest to Lov's triumph,
Yours who have been still observed victorious
In the subduing every other passion.

To force an inclination, is an act of power, (rous.
Where every common beauty can subdue the amo-

Cle. Not to have yielded homage here, had been
a flat

Rebellion, since all hearts are a tribute due
To her perfections; which justice will inforce you
To confess, when you know how much she doth
Resemble you.

Clo. 'Tis plain he loves, rather would have me
My Lord, your last words, give me cause to doubt,
Not so much your attaining, as the over-value
Of the purchase; and that I may not have a less
esteem (now.

Of you, I must confess I do not wish to know her

Enter Selina and Clarimant.

Sel. Madam, the Prince!

Cle. How shall I understand this dark Enigma?
Hope, or despair? 'tis time must cleer it.

Sir, I presume to have that interest in you,
You will not be offended at your stay.

For

For the injury, name your own satisfaction.

Clar. So kind, Madam, to me who have no other merit
But obedience, how can there be an injury?

Clo. In this unjust acknowledgment, much modesty appears:

How winning must your words and actions be,
When they are accompanied with truth?

Clar. That only must be truth with me,
Which you are pleas'd to have so; I will not own
A faculty that prompts me to a contradiction:
Yet never could I yield to my own praise,
But as I am dignified in being your creature.

Clo. In being so absolutely mine, you make me
richer

In my own esteem, then all additions which the world
Can yield besides.

Cle. This Lady can dissemble; but with whom
she does so,

I am yet to learn. It is not fit I should disturb
This harmony; the God of love is hovering
Not far off, delighted with the musick
Of these melting accents: For I, a profest opposite
To all his sweetness, have forfeited my manners by
my stay.

Clo. Not so, my Lord; the excess of kindness
I have shewed Prince *Clarimant*,
Must clear all suspicion in this Lord,
If he had any, that I love *Agenor*.

Cle. Sir, be happy in this Princess to my wish,
Which hath a latitude as great as you can
Think. Your Father by my means (if I may boast
A service to my Princely friend) highly approves
The match. ———

All happiness attend you both. *Exit.*

Clar. How fortune mocks me!

Clo. Struck with a sudden sadness, sir! *Selina*,
Call for my servants, I'll go to Court, *Ex. Sel.*
Have you any service to command me, sir?

Clar. Madam, I see you fain would change the
Scene:

How soon are you weary of his company,
To whom just now you did profess so much?

Clo. Not weary, sir, but yet I hope
That you have not forgot to whom
All those professions were intended.

Clar. Yet they were spoke to me, the words ac-
companied (guage;
With proper accents, your eyes, to speak Loves lan-
And here before Lord *Cleon* with more persuasive
Eloquence than ever.

Clo. 'Tis true, it makes me almost blush to think
How much I courted you: Heaven knows
I could not for the world have spoke
Or lookt so on your brother; the reason was,
I feared that *Cleon* did suspect whom I did
Love indeed. (kindly,

Clar. And you to cozen him, used me so over-
At first I doubt not but you laid the plot
Of thus disguising your affection.

Clo. You speak as if you did repent the obligation
You have laid upon your brother and my self.

Clar. Do you esteem it one?

Clo. A great one, sir, believe:

Clar. Heaven knows I not repent it then;
But can you think that when you look and speak
With passion, whoever hears must not be moved,
And in despite of duty wish
Though dare not hope, that he were the object
Of that passion:

Ch. Oh misery!

Clar.

Clar. How could I then, to whom they were
address'd,

Having withall a sympathie of blood,
But find joy as a brother, at first no more,
Which warranted for just, at last that pleasure
Ere I was aware betrayed to me a deeper
And more peculiar sense of happiness in you.

Clo. Add not that vanity unto your falsehood,
To hope from me a common estimation after this.

Clar. Add not injustice to your cruelty,
To hate where you should pity : The injunction
Did proceed from you, you are the first
And the immediate cause that I am miserable :
Which makes me often doubt, since it proceeds
from you,

Whether it be a crime or no. When I shall find it
Such, you shall not need to frown or threaten
Punishment by hating me, once confident you do,
Without a cause I know you cannot ;
I will inflict more, then happily you will wish
I should.

Clo. The Judge and the accused so neer allied,
As we are to our selves, no crime is great enough
For punishment.

Clar. Madam, you much mistake ; I cannot be
the Judge,
That am am the Plaintiff: for who does, at least justly
Can complain of injury but I ? How is my love,
Since a requital is not in my wish, a wrong
To you or to my brother ?

Clo. No! why did you by complaining
Make me know your passion ?

Clar. Now you have named my guilt,
Alas I find I have too much approved that law
Which says, no man is bound to be his own accuser.
You are the proper Judge, truth speaks in you,

Let

Let your severest censure fall, and by the Gods
I am your faithful Executioner.

Glo. Then —

Clar. Stay, first receive this Picture of my happy
Brother,

Sent from himself, the occasion of your trouble,
Now, I speak not this in my excuse,
To raise your pity up against your justice;
For I at last was pleas'd in the imployment.
Nay, now profess to you and all the world,
Whilst I have life, I shall adore you.

Glo. And must I sentence you then,
Like to a desperate person that hath done
Some wickedness so great, for which the happiness
Of sorrow is denied.

Clar. You must for what concerns my loving
you.

Glo. Then hear a sentence proper to the guilt:
Your eyes and tongue, which did betray your
virtue,

Must never meet in me their objects more:

Clar. Misery! never to look or speak to you,
Is that my doom?

Glo. It is justly inflicted.

Clar. I not dispute; but shall it never be revok'd?

Glo. It is from me inviolate by all the Gods;
You may to-morrow break it, and I look you should.

Clar. I must confess, what ere I do resolve,
'Tis not unlike I should,

Glo. I thought no less. *[She offers to go]*

Clar. But Madam, I will never see to-morrow,
Death is more welcom then to disobey you. X

Glo. Hold fir.

Clar. How long?

Glo. Sure you are not in earnest.

Clar.

Clar. Not in earnest! death could have brought
no pain

Like this; I see I did so well dissemble once,
That I am thought to do so still.

This is an injury so great, it frees me
From disobedience.

Clo. Oh hold, as you do } *Offers his sword agen*
love me. } *upon himself.*

Clar. As you do hate me, let me die.

Clo. No, you mistake,

Or would by death frustrate your punishment.

If you were dead, no longer should remain

The sense of your offence, or my just hatred

For it: Live to be sorry, that way expiate

Your guilt, I do not say your punishment.

But if you kill yourself on this occasion,

Making me accessory to your murder,

I call the Gods to witness I will revenge it

By making you like guilty of your Brothers
death,

For I will never see him more: how horrid

Should I look drest in a scarlet robe

Dyed in your blood.

Clar. All these are trifles, whilst your (just)

Yet most hard sentence rests upon me,

Never to see you more.

X *Clo.* Would vertue could permit to make your
noble sufferings less:

Your love might be received, and yet your
person

Never gain access.

[*Exeunt.*]

Clar. O cruel pitty!

Entre

Enter Cleon with a Letter and Papers.

Cle. reads. Meet me with all the forces you can Raise, at *Lassent* on the frontiers of *Germany*; the Imployment you then shall know.

— As I could wish. *[Enter Old King.]*

You Powers, why should I be thought a person Capable of his temptation? but there's no help, He that hath lost his own vertue, may well expect To make another false. The Rocks, whose constancie Denies an entrance to the beating waves, Though they want motion, yet in their firmness Seem to take revenge by casting the attempting Billows with disperst drops upon the movers Face: So though all motion be denied Against the person of the Prince, from reverence To the Father, yet here I may revenge My injuries, and manifest the vanity of his design In this dispersion. *[Tears the Letter]*

O. K. Hold, hold, why do you tear the paper?

Cle. What do you mean sir? 'twas but a trivial Note, *[He takes up some.]*

Howe'r the impertinencie of the Sender Moved me.

O. K. A trivial Note! can thy faith stile that so, Wherein my safety is concern'd?

Cle. How sir, your safety?

O. K. Come, come, dissemble not; we will be both reveng'd.

Cle. Reveng'd, on whom?

O. K. On my false Son: No more I say, (faith, For know, your tenderness hath trencht upon your I must know every circumstance, Dare not hide it from me:

Cle.

Cle. Remember, sir, he is your son, your heir,
A Prince in whom your peoples hopes and joyes are
fixt:

Lay these close to your heart to move your pitty;
And then what my unhappy memory contains
Of what was writ.

O.K. Nay, if a Councillor suspect his memory,
His Princes safety at the stake, 'tis fit he trust
His own care, I'll gather these. *Gathers the*

Cle. Your pardon, Royal sir; you *Gathers the*
shall know every *papers.*

Circumstance: but sir, remember still
How dear your son is to your people,
Lose not their love by cruelty to him.

O.K. Not dearer sure to them then you.

Cle. Nay, then this be my witness of the con-
trary

So, read, till it kill all nature in thee,
And corrupt thy brain,
Such loss to him must prove my greatest gain.

Exeunt.

Act. 3. Scen. 1.

Enter Agenor (with a Paper) Lucidor.

Age. **A**ll these you say are ready. *(fear,*
Luc. All on my knowledg; there's no other
But that your troops will be too full. Might I have
Given advice, ere this you had been gone;
There's danger in your stay, so many flock hither
From the Court, your house is no way able
To contain them, and some no doubt that come
As Spies.

F

Age.

Age. To morrow early I'll be gone, I must this
night
Bid farewell to my dearest Mistress: — Now.

Enter *Clindor*:

O sir, I have rid; my horse fell dead just at the door:
You are betrayed, sir, proclaim'd a Traitor,
Your Fathers Guard I overtook.

Age. Where?

Clind. By this time they are at the gates:

Lucid. O heavens! my fears are fall upon us.

Age. What's to be done?

Clind. Let us make good the gates against them.

Age. There's none dares touch my person.

Lucid. Believe it not sir, there is no safety:

Your Fathers jealousies are wrought to a strange
Height, and those whom you least suspect
I fear conspire your ruine, to advance
Your brother to the Crown.

Age. Who do you mean?

Lucid. Lord *Cleon*.

Age. It is impossible.

Clind. I saw Prince *Clarimant* and him together;
And *Cleon's* words were to the Captain of the guard,
Bring him alive or dead.

Lucid. Sir, be advised, there is no safety
In the Kingdom for you, until this storm blow over.

Age. What, shall I flee?

Lucid. Rather then fall. I know there's thousands
Will live and dye with you, but here they are
not.

Enter *Lord*:

The Guard, Sir, do approach the house on every side.

Clind. Make sure the gates.

Lucid. That will not do't; fire soon will open
Down

— Down with them, Fire the gates, *{ Within a*
Lucid. Hark ! *{ crying:*
Age. Let's force our passage through them. Exeunt.
[They clasp their swords within.]

Enter Clindor, and four Guard.

Clind. My friends, this care is needless ; why do
you hold me ? I am not mad.

1. Mad, sir, we do not think it.

Clind. Nor can I swim, I do assure you.

1. What then ?

Clind. Then you are sure I cannot scape your
hands, as the Prince did.

1. No sir, we'll look to you for that : Bring him
away before the King. me ?

Clind. Before the King ! of what will you accuse

1. For being accessary of the Princes flight.

Cl. O 'tis well, then we'll ev'n hang for company.

1. For company !

Cl. Even so, if I be accessary, you let him scape.

1. Why, could we help it, when he leapt into the
river ?

Cl. Had your zeal been so hot to serve the King,
as you do now make shew of,

You would have dows'd in over head and ears.

2. What, drown our selves ?

Cl. Yes, any thing in zeal : My zeal to justice
shall hang all you and my self

Too, for in my conscience we deserve it ; what, shrink
for a little water ?

1. He tels us true, our fault will be esteem'd as
great as his.

Cl. Come, come along my friends, we must before
the King.

1. Very pretty.

Clind. You will not find so, when my most noble
Lord *Cleon* shall with the King
Judge of your actions.

1. Well Captain, we acquit you; I find indeed
We should be fools to accuse each other.

Clind. Speak for your selves, &c.

Enter *Old King, Clarimant, Cleon.*

O.K. Urge nought in his excuse, he's a bold
Traitor,
And he shall know his birth is no excuse
For disobedience.

Clar. Sir, I dare pawn my life, my brother never
Nor does intend ill to your Royal person.

O.K. If it were so, am not I wounded in my
Ministers? [Enter *Capt.*]

This natural tenderness of thine, a Brothers,
Condemns him most unnatural to me a Father.
Now speak, is the Traitor coming to assault us?

Capt. No sir, but he is scap'd our hands.

Cle. How? scap'd!

Capt. He resolutely made his passage through us,
And we pursuing to take him, he with *Encidor*
Leapt into the river, and swam to a small pinace
Of his own, that always lay there for his
Pleasure, in which they are put to sea.

Cle. With all speed make to the shore, and see
what course

They hold: if he fir in despair should go into *Nem-*
With whose King you now have difference.

About the staying of your ships of treasure,
And the Isle of *Cires*; no doubt much danger
Threatens your self and State; to prevent which,
Straight raise an Army, and make Prince *Clarimant*
Your General, that being in readiness,

You

You may prevent any attempt *Agenor*.
Or the enemy can make against you. (ment,

O.K. Be all things ordered by thy faith and judg-
Thy care must be my preservation,
I do commit all power into t. v hands :
Hearken to him, my dearest *Clarimant*,
In what he shall advise thee ; my age
And griefs, I find, will quickly wear me out.
I'll to my chamber : Give order, careful,
Faithful *Cleon*.

Exeunt King, Clar.

Cle. Yes, I shall be careful
to take order,

An order with you all, Father and sons.
Now my designs work prosperously ;
Only the late discovery that *Selina* made,
Does trouble me ; *Agenor*, not *Clarimant* :
My Rival, is by her beloved : but all
Do love *Clorinda* ; yet now *Agenor's* gone,
She happily may change her love to *Clarimant*,
Who in opinion now stands fairest for the Crown.
Rather I hope by this she hates him :
As the cause of all *Agenor's* misery :
So far *Selina* is by me instructed
To insinuate, whom I of late have wrought
To a belief that I do love her person,
But *Clorinda's* quality and title,
As being those steps by which I hope to ascend
The throne — See where she comes ! speak my sweet
Agent ; how moves our plot ?

Enter Selina, with a Letter seal'd and writ out.

Sel. Not well, too fast I fear.

Cle. As how ? (tracted

Sel. Obeying your directions, my Lady hath con-
So much hatred against Prince *Clarimant*,
She scarcely can endure to hear him named,
Resolves never to see him more.

Cle.

Cle. Is not this well? 'tis all as I could wish!

Sel. Thus far 'tis true; but now *Agenor's* gone,
She so much apprehends the importunity
Of Prince *Clarimant's* affection, that she's resolved
Past all perswasion, in a disguise
To seek for the *Agenor*, which if she find,
She satisfies her love, however cures her fears.

Cle. My cunning hath undone me:
Thus chance oft triumphs over wisdom.
But what? there is some remedy in every ill —
Let me think in what disguise: soft, may she not
With you dissemble, as you with her?
And she does yet love *Clarimant*, and not *Agenor*.

Sel. No, I have that here does assure me
She hates Prince *Clarimant*.

Cle. What is't, a Letter? O let me see it!

Sel. By no means sir, you cannot close it
But the Prince will find it hath been broken.

Cle. You do not know my skill.

Sel. I need not trust it, upon my life I'll tell you
Every word that it contains, she read it to me.

Cle. Nay then I fear she did abuse you,
All Lovers are dissemblers, and she I fear
Is a cunning one.

Sel. What she hath done, I know not;
But now her sorrows and her passions
Are so rais'd, the heart's transparent.

Cle. There may be greatest art.

Sel. Such broken sighs, and floods of tears,
Agenor's name still call'd upon,
Gives me assurance of her love to him.

Cle. Change but the name, the griefs may still be
Counterfeit: I sigh and vow *Clorinda*,
Instructed by ambition; but yet my heart
Is more *Selina's*.

[Kisses her]

Sel. Well, my Lord, you may abuse me.

Cle.

Cle. Prethee let me see the Letter.

Sel. The words are few, and I can write them down :

Pray fir do not desire what may undo
My credit with my Lady, which truth is,
I do only value, as it may advance your ends.

[Enter *Clarimant*.]

Cle. The Prince ! Make shew as if you only
Did of me enquire for him.

Sel. My Lord !

Cle. There, Lady, is Prince *Clarimant*, whom you
Enquire for — If he do read it here, I shall
Observe his action.

Sel. From *Clarinda* this, accompanied with all
misfortunes:

Clar. How ?

Sel. Pardon the duty of a servant.

Clar. Stay, Lady.

Sel. I must receive no answer.

Exit.

Clar. Since from her hand, however I receive it
Thus — [Kisses it.]

Cle. Certain she hath abused *Selina* :
He kist the paper, as knowing the inside
Differs from the superscription.

Clar. reads] Of Lovers most injurious, of Brothers
falsest,

Of all Mankind the worst ! Yet know I wish now
What before I only griev'd for, that *Clarimant*
Should love *Clarinda*, may it be to madness ;
If less, only because the sense of torment
May be more, in which alone I can expect
A diminution of that grief, which by thy means
I suffer. — *Thine everlasting enemy, Clarinda.*

Clar. So long my Saint ! O you Gods, do I de-
serve this ?

Yes, I do, for she like you is just ;

And

And we blaspheme, when we in thought repine,
As not conceiving how, though certainly
We have offended; my guilt is clear,
'Tis crime enough to be the accidental cause
Of misery to her.

Cle. This sure is real sadness; *Selina*, I believe
thee now. *Exit Cleon.*

Clar. Let me examine, have I not through am-
bition

Or hope to gain *Clorinda* for my self,
Been aiding to my Brothers wrongs?
Sure I am guilty: I but think I did
My best to appease my Father; yes, the Gods know,
And she as being divine, may see my real
Love to him, not only as my brother,
But my friend; did either want, and could be
So supplied, how gladly would I pour this
Blood into their empty veins? and yet she
Hates me thus, perhaps my brother does so too.
What's that? nothing: 'Tis true, if I durst
Wholly yield my heart.

He meanly does deserve a Lovers name,
That can know mixture in his grief, or flame. *Exit.*

Enter *Agenor* and *Lucidor* (disguis'd.)

Lucid. Though you have lost your Country for
the present,

All your hopes dash'd in the minute of your greatest
Expectation; yet fir consider, the hand of fortune
That presses you thus low, may as she turns
The wheel, raise you agen. (tune,

Age. Never, oh never! 'tis not the hand of for-
But my guilt that bears me down; Justice,
The justice of the Gods lies heavy on me,
Treason and disobedience, till now I never
Found their weight. *Lucid.*

Lucid. I know not, sir, what you call Treas on :
Though what you did intend, succeeded not,
I hold your fortune to be better now
Then in in your Fathers Court ; you are safe in this
Country, and your own disposer, neither of which
I take it was allowed you there.

Age. Why do you injure truth, and seek to lessen
My foul faults? Think not to make my grief
Diminish so ; rather express your friendship
In yielding as I do ; so shall you quickly
Be inform'd that our crimes are so great,
No punishment can be too much ; and I have now
No joy, but in this burden of my sorrows.

Lucid. Nor I in my particular, no grief so great
As in the lightness of my purse.

Age. We have enough, these Jewels will
From want secure us ; for I am resolv'd
Never to quit this habit and condition,
Since justice hath impos'd it as a punishment
For my ambition.

Enter Two:

1. Make haste, make haste ; sure we shall come
Too late.

Age. Let's leave the street.

Exeunt.

Enter Two:

1. Do you think we shall get neer to see ?
Sure she'll chuse one of the strange Princes.

2. Troth who can tell? *Newstrea* affords
Handsome men then they.

1. Indeed she's past fifteen ; I'll warrant she has
A Sweetheart, some at her age have two
Or three.

2. Trust me, she's the wiser to have plenty ;
When age comes, they'll drop like leaves
In Autumn.

Exeunt.

G

Enter

*Enter (with all the glory can be) King, Austella,
three Princes, Lords, Ladies, Sister,
and People.*

King. Daughter, this is the day
Wherein you have full power
To dispose my Kingdom, nay more,
Your self.

Austel. This freedom, sir, of choice, which custom
And your Majesty allows, is that wherein
My bondage will consist; nay, all this
Glorious troop appear to me no other
Then if they came with joy to see me
Put into the grave alive.

K. How, daughter!

Aust. Many Virgins, sir, that have been forc'd to
Marry those they did not love, have rather
Chosen death as the less evil.

K. I understand you not; call you this force,
Where the election's absolutely free?

Aust. I grant, sir, I am free to choose;
But if I would not chuse at all, does not
The same constraint still rest upon me?
Pardon, great Princes, whose expectation
To enjoy me and a Crown, have drawn you
From your Countries: you are all indifferent
In my eye, nor does my knowledg of your merits
Which I confess is great, perswade that in
The choice of any one I shall be happy:
And where the wife is discontented, the husband sure
If he have real worth, cannot be pleas'd.

K. From the knowledg of the liberal power
The law allows, and the necessity of a successor,
You cannot but have often thought on this dayes
Ceremony: Let not a fained modesty,

Or

Or be it real, prevail above your duty and your reason :

The ripeness of your years may justly challenge
All delight ; and here a Husband, and the assurance
Of a Crown attend you. [*She weeps*]

If these do make you weep,
What can cause joy in woman ? Since you are
My daughter, I dare not think that you have plac'd
Your love on any man you are ashamed to name.

Aust. The Gods are witness, sir, I never saw that person

Yet, whom I thought worthy to exchange
My heart with ; but custom, sir, and you impose
On me the prostitution of my love perhaps to one,
Who, wer't not for the Crown I bring,
Nay even with that addition will happily refuse me.

1 *Pr.* Refuse you, Madam !

2 *Pr.* He must not sure be mortal,
That dare aspire a greater happiness.

3 *Pr.* The Gods have left heaven for mortals,
Then here there never was a greater cause.

Aust. Princes, these words do fitly wait upon
The action you are now engag'd in :
I do not doubt you should refuse me,
But I perhaps may choose one whose affection
Is already given ; how miserable am I then ?
Since there to be refused, were the less mischief,
For his acceptance only grants a perjur'd
And ambitious husband.

K. How vain are these excuses, since the custom
And my age inforce a choice.

Aust. Like one condemned I beg for mercy :
Cross not the course of nature ; even beasts, sir,
Do not couple till they wooe.

K. Plead not the rights of nature, since those you
wrong

By thus refusing marriage : On your posterity
Depends the safety of my State, and I nor can
Nor will dispence with what custom and law
Appoint.

Aust. The law doubtless was made in favor of
The daughter, to make her happy in a free
Choice, which almost never is allowed to Princes ;
But where like priviledges are, if not demanded,
They'r not inforc't : Those Countries where the
Book's allowed to save the forfeit life
For theft, 'tis but if askt ; so when a Virgin
Saves a life, and gains a husband,
Yet have they in those offers been refused,
And death embrac'd by the delinquent.
Then wonder not that I, a Princess, to miss
A husband, which being inforc'd I needs must hate,
Do that which common persons have perform'd.
My seeming disobedience set against
Their forfeit life, Justice will force
These Princes, and your sacred Majesty confess
That I have reason on my side, however will
And custom plead for you.

King. Fond *Austella*, too late I fear thou wilt
repent

This pride of soul ; it is no other cause
Makes thee thus peevish : My Lords, your ear.

Aust. Ha ! what object meets mine eyes ? sure
there is

Somthing like a charm that works upon me ;
Can this be natural ? fie *Austella*,
Consider these Princes had no power ;
Let not a glance then of a strangers eye
Kindle an amorous fire about thy Virgin hearr.

Age. The Princess eyes are fixt upon me,
And they are glorious ones, believe me friend.

1 Pr. Sir, we are all agreed; the honour to be
your
Son in law, which thus we still may be,
Is that we covet.

King. Know *Austella*, since you refuse the
priviledges
Of your birth, and thus neglect my safety
And the State; that reason which you so much plead
Invests your sister with all those priviledges
Which once belong'd to you.

Austel. Ah me! that I had sooner seen, or
never.

Sist. My sister, sir, will be better advis'd, I
know.

Austel. I wish, sir, I had not so far transgress'd;
But do your pleasure.

King. My pleasure, dearest *Austella*, is to make
thee yet
What nature did ordain thee, if thou wilt chuse
A husband.

Aust. I shall sir, so you will promise
What the law requires upon your part.

King. 'Tis vain to make a second promise,
With the Crown I took that Oath.

Austel. These Princes and all that hear me, know
that I
Can chuse but one; I hope none will repine
Since for my self I chuse.

1 Pr. None dares be so unjust to question the
actions
Of a Goddess, such all true Lovers
Ever should esteem their Mistresses.

Austel. Sir, in obedience to your royal will,
I am resolv'd to give away my self——
Stay — pause *Austella*——It is no less:
How rash, how fatal may that bounty prove!

Shall

Shall the deceitfullest of all my senses
 Be more powerful then reason, duty,
 Or my resolution? No, no, my eyes,
 Though as a woman I receive with joy
 The beams which you convey, yet as a Princess
 On whom depends the good of others,
 Reason and vertue ought to sway me more.

Age. Is't not extremely dark upon the sudden?

Lucid. Just as it was.

Age. O friend, I am undone for ever!

K. Daughter, why do you hold us all upon the
 Rack

Of expectation?

Anst. In an affair of so high consequence
 Blame me not, sir, though I advise. Were you to
 give away

A Kingdom, you would do so. I shall not only, sir,
 Do that, but likewise take from many,
 Especially these Princes, a Kingdom, and your
 Daughter;

And yet to ballance all these discontents,
 Please but one person:

K. Yes, dearest *Anstella*, your self in your free
 Of him whoe're he be. (choice

Anst. You encourage me; but I, sir, from my care
 Of these your subjects for whom I am to chuse

A King, as well as for my self a husband,
 Humbly desire the Ceremonial part

Of this days custom may be dispenc'd with;
 And where the manner was to praise the Gods
 For him was chosen son in law, and so successor
 To the Crown, you now would with more reason
 And a righter set devotion go to the Temple,
 And invoke those heavenly powers to inspire me
 With their wisdoms in my election, which I wil make
 At my return.

K: I

The Passionate Lover:

47

K. I know not how I, or these Princes, or these
people
Can refuse you a request so just and pious,
Tending to all our goods. — Set forward to the
Temple. *Exeunt.*

Enter people passing over by degrees, (talking.)

Enter Austella and a Lady.

Are not those strangers I sent for, come?

Thom. Madam, they wait your pleasure.

Aust. Wait! why did you suffer it? Oh bring
them in,

Yet stay.

Thom. What contradiction's here?

Aust. How hard a part necessity hath thrust
upon me!

Time, till for this cause, I never wish

Thy motion slower; desire them enter. *Ex. Lady*

Enter Agenor, Lucidor.

Age. O you Gods, was this the Lady that sent
for us?

Aust. Noble strangers, for such your looks do
promise,

I took the boldness to send for you to know

A truth, which from our natives, or my fathers

Subjects, 'tis not like I shall, since all are apt

Still to approve the customs of their Nation:

Lucid. Madam, when you are pleas'd to make me
and my son

Know your demands, so far as our abilities inform,
Truth shall not suffer.

Aust. Say you the same, sir?

Age.

Age. 'Twere alike vain as to dissemble with Divinity,
Not to speak truth to you.

Aust. What I demand, is, how you do approve
Those actions of which you were late witnesses?

Age. I must esteem that Kingdom made happy
By a custom, where their prosperity
And future bliss depends on your election,
Who have no doubt the care of heaven to govern
What you do, as well as 'tis exprest
In the harmonious composing of your person:

Aust. This flattery makes me despair to find
That truth which I expected, and you promis'd.
Yet necessity does urge me to demand
A bolder question: What Country do you hold
Produces the greatest beauties? (tains

Age. Madam, this Kingdom, even this place con-
More then the world besides.

Aust. These words methinks fall from your
tongue,
As if you had been taught by Love to speak
Hyperboles: You have a Mistress, I perceive.

Age. Ah me!

Aust. Speak, have you not?

Lucid. She loves you, on my life.

Aust. Oh I fear.

Lucid. What mean you sir?
Madam, I know the Prince.

Aust. How sir?

Lucid. The Prince of Love I mean, Queen *Venus* (Child,
Had never any power yet o're my son,
The war hath ever been his Mistress.

Aust. How gladly would I flatter my desires
With a belief of something even above my hopes!
The words were strangely broken and abrupt,
Is he your father, sir?

Age.

Age. Madam, you are the first that ever seem'd to doubt it.

An. I must confess I do : withall, whate'r he says, I must believe you are a Lover.

Age. Madam, one truth's in both ; the latter I will swear, or seal it with my blood.

An. How fir ?

Age. That I do love.

An. How long have you done so ?

Age. Since the first minute that I saw the object Of my passion.

An. I must increase your wonder at the strictness Of my examination : Hath many days past Since your passion first took birth ?

Age. Though it may seem an arrogance approaching

Madness ; yet truth, which you enjoin,
And all must reverence, forces me say
The sun hath never set, since my affection
Rise ; a glorious passion sure, if but consider'd
From your self the object.

An. Me ! Know you to whom you speak ?

Age. I know you are the daughter of a King,
So to be reverenc'd : but I obey a power
That awes all scepters ; your beauty hath erected
In my heart a greater monarchy, and that commands
Me, fear cast by, here prostrate at your feet,
Acknowledging my subjection. [Kneels]

An. Ye Gods, teach me to husband all my joys :
Although encouraged, he that dares thus profess
His love to me, must have a soul above the
Common rank : why do you kneel ?

Age. You are my destiny, give life or death.

An. So were you mine ; time bars all ceremony
now,

At once receive all happiness that I can give you.

H

Age.

Age. If this be real, I shall condemn addition;
Are we not in a pleasing dream? is all this truth?

Lucid. All certainly, if she be flesh and blood:
Ere long I hope you'll be resolv'd.

An. Let none take notice of our conference,
I must in publique chuse you:
If but my Father then my act approve,
None ever was so happy in their love. *Exeunt.*

Act. 4. Scæn. I.

Enter King, three Princes.

1 Pr. **S**ir, we are injur'd past all sufferance,
And shall return back to our Countries
The scorn of all the world.

K. Princes, I had no power to force the affection
Of my daughter.

1 Pr. Your daughter never durst have made a
choice

So much to our dishonor, had you not been
Before acquainted with it.

2 Pr. Or when she had, would he have given
consent,

But that it was his plot?

K. Let not my patient bearing of your slander
Make you believe I fear your angers,
Though united; yet that I may give you all
Satisfaction possible, the Gods be witness with me
I knew not her intent before, nor had I power
To hinder when the choice was made: You saw
Your selves, the people, as if inspired to his
Advantage whom my daughter chose, with strange
Unheard

Unheard of acclamation did express their joy.

3 *Pr.* I wonder what they saw to be delighted with,

Some of our persons are as promising as his.

K. They saw one like themselves, a common person chosen,

And that begot their joy and friendship.

Know Princes, though in honour I am bound to observe

Fairly my promise to content my subjects ;

Not all your discontents, if join'd, make up one half

Of mine : but if you hold your selves disgrac'd

By such a Rival, am not I more, both in his present Interest, and future expectation of my Crown ?

But now to manifest in publick our discontent,

Will no ways suit the present joys attending

Hymen's rights ; but you shall find your honours

Something righted by what I shall perform.

This music speaks the Brides approach to bed,

We must be wanting in no outward ceremony

Custom commands. — Now all retire, and leave

This happy man to enjoy a pleasure

Which the Gods may envy ; these Princes do, I am sure.

Enter *Agenor*, *Austella*, *Sister*, *Ladies*,
Lucidor.

1 *Pr.* This Gentleman deserves so much, he is above our envy.

2 *Pr.* Some Prince disguis'd, without all doubt.

3 *Pr.* Most mighty Monarch, we subscribe to your high birth,

Fate did ordain us humble vassals to attend your triumph.

Age. That this divinest Lady judg'd me worthy,

H 2

Does

Does raise me really to what your scorns
Do throw upon me; and were this time and place
Proper to right my self, the boldest of you
I would make seal with his blood, I were in worth
His equal however I do boast no title.

Lucid. Well spoke; h'as cool'd the Princes
blood.

An. I hope, sir, you'll remember he is my husband,
So your son, in that at least an equal to these
Princes.

But happily their injuries take birth
From your exprest dislike: If so, let all
Your anger fall where it is only due, on me:
Yet Royal sir, remember you forc'd me chuse
A husband, and Love instructed 'twas only he
Could make me happy.

K. Why, daughter, are your joys disturb'd?
Do you believe you and my Kingdom
Bore so small a value with these Princes,
That they could part with all their hopes
And not be moved? Their murmuring proves but
A foil to set you off with greater lustre;
So raise your husband to an extasie of joy,
Since he a private man possesses that which Princes
Grieve to miss:

Pr. Madam, the King hath spoken what we had
Else alleadged in our excuse.

K. 'Tis time all should retire, and leave them
To the accomplishment of their full joys:
Remember what I injoin'd. *{ Exeunt all but*

Age. Were not my faith strong *{ Age. and Aust.*
in your happy

Influence, a sadness now might give some little
Check to my full joys.

An. It reaches not so high as sadness,

Only

Only some thoughts that crost my fancie.

Age. Madam, the Ladies of this Court are enemies

To *Hymen's* rights; else sure they would have staid
To undress you; all Brides that I have seen
Were in an instant ready for their bed,
So many busie hands about them.

An. Perhaps our customs in that point do differ,
Yet you must grant we are no enemies to Love.

Age. If so, you were ingrate, since that great
Deity

In your fair sex, hath plac'd his glory, power,
And all his sweetness: which when you freely do
Dispence to those that honour you, you pay
To him the proper sacrifice.

An. I do not understand what sacrifice you mean.

Age. I would instruct you to bed, bright Queen
of Love!

All other attributes come short; the zealous ardor
Of my heart commands me stile you so.

An. Mine to you enjoins me study how to keep
Your flame (in which I glory) pure and high;
And I believe that our imaginations
Far exceeds the touches of our sense.

Age. Be not deceived; if this, and this, beget
delight,
Which, if you love, it must; can an increase
Diminish joy?

An. No more, I must not trust to demonstration,
My faith grew by discourse.

Age. I find you had a woman to your Tutor;
But know, this Logick is the properest for Love,
Yet this is not the fittest School to teach it in:
To bed; and if you do not there confess
Our loves and joys receive increase,
For ever banish me your sight.

Neither

An. Neither my love nor duty can admit that,
Since you are my husband

Age. Not going to bed both point to it.

An. You willingly mistake; I mean, both do
- forbid

Our separation.

Age. Then sure they do conclude the contrary :
Come dearest, make me no longer languish;
You are an excellence so great,
You can no more receive addition by difficulty,
Then a rich pendant Diamond by a Foil.

An. But yet a while I must be worn so,
You cannot have me naked.

Age. I know you will not be so cruel.

An. If there be any, Love be my witness
My heart does harbor none but to my self.

Age. Take heed; the witness whom you call must
As a Judg condemn you; that Deity
And *Hymen* both are injured, you tempt
Their power to shew a judgment on you :
But they I fear are partial, making me only feel
Their rage; no, I blaspheme, and they are just
In punishing my pride, that could believe
I merited so great a bliss.

An. I melt at this, yielding undoes us both :
I must not stay, dear sir good night.

Age. An ill and everlasting one,
If thus you leave me.

An. What shall I do?

Enter Lady.

Madam, the King hath sent to see if yet you be
at rest.

Age. Ha!

An. Tell him I now am going to my chamber---
'Twas well, I had been lost else.

Age. Is't even so? this silence speaks me miserable,
From

From what a pitch of happiness am I falln !

An. Sir, on my knees I beg a pardon for which
foever

You condemn; never was heart then mine
More full of love and duty.

Age. I must not doubt it, but yet ——— (you

An. Lay by all fears, and let your dreams assure
Of my faith; ere long, by this, and this, reality
Shall crown your wishes. Pardon me modesty,
I in these kisses only do bestow,
Rather but pay interest for what I owe. *Exit.*

Age. There is division in me; if ever any heart
Did at an instant feel both joy and sorrow,
Sure then I do: No, it is impossible,
How near soever they appear (consider'd) there's
succession.

Though this last instant I enjoy'd much bliss,
Yet now I am displeas'd for what I miss. *Exit.*

Enter *Cleon, Clorinda, Selina*, (disguis'd.)

Cle. Madam, the last of whom I did demand,
Assured me in two hours we might reach the City;
The Forrest is but narrow, as they say,
The way not hard to find.

Clo. But trust me I am weary,
I can walk no further till I rest.

Cle. You cannot find a fitter place than this,
My sister and I will watch a distance from you
Whilst you sleep.

Clo. Indeed I find I need it; my grief and travel
Hath wasted much my spirits. Yet since for thee
Agenor, I should rejoice in't, though my pains
Were greater. [*Lies down.*]

Cle. She does begin to fall asleep.
Sister, let's walk a little further.

Sel.

As if there were no safety in this miserable Habitation.

Cle. What Prince that lives would not receive it Gladly, and give you his to undergo your fears? All I dare say, being your servant, is, Danger shall pierce my heart, before it reach to you.

Clo. I know it shall; full well thou hast discharged By thy unwearied care and pains, all that thy sister Promis'd me in thy behalf.

Cle. Madam, there's none that serve so truly As where love is to pay the wages.

Clo. Love! what do you mean by that? I understand you not.

Cle. Nor yet? ——— [Discovers]

Clo. Ha! much less by this; my wonder is increas'd,

Shall I believe my eyes, or ears?

Cle. Madam, I am to claim a promise: Behold the truest and most afflicted Lover That ever beg'd relife, kneeling before you.

Clo. I must confess my promise was to assist you In your love; but then, as now, most ignorant Who was your Mistress.

Cle. He is not worthy to be held a Lover, That makes his flame glair in the publick eye, Troubles the world with complaints: Let such a one Reap scorn from her he loves, and a cheap pitty From his hearers. If I must fall through your Disdain, (for know you are the Saint of my devotion) A silent grave shall be more glorious in my esteem, If you in private shed one tear, Then all the trophies whining Poets Or repentant love ever adorn'd a hearse with.

Clo. Your words alone would vanish into common If not made solid by your action. (air,

Cle. It is some happiness to gain belief, Add but your pitty. I

Clo.

Clo. My Lord, you have all that's possible for me
to give,
Since I have but one heart.

Cle. But if that heart be sent you back,
You may again dispose it: You see the Prince
Careless of your commands, hath rashly through
Ambition lost himself; but first he forfeited
His obedience to his Mistress; for you confess this
day,

You did enjoin a double temperance
Unto his love, and his ambition.

Clo. For him, as for my self, I must interpret
The irregularity of his actions
To grow from his unlimited affection:
And though I grieve the sad effects, his flight
And my pursuit, I must not love him less;
The power he aimed at, was but to make himself
More capable to serve me.

Cle. The same end, Madam, hath directed all my
actions,
Which you I hope will grant, when I have set
The Crown of *Burgony* upon your head,
Your right, this arm shall prove against the world.
Clarimant now, for the old King is dead,
Usurps that scepter; the Merchant whom we
Travel'd with assured me.

Clo. All your discourses have strange wonders
in them.

Cle. Madam, why are you sad at that which
should
Rejoice you? What though no subject but my self
Allow your claim? when I am known your servant
And your General, the Boy will be contented
With the Principality of *Cyrais*,
Rather then venture losing all.
And certain, Madam, 'tis more glorious,

And

And should be more content to you to make a King,
Then to be made a Queen, at least to wander
Seeking one to do it, who happily
Hath found another that he more esteems.

Clo. I can no longer bear thy falsehoods,
Even thy disguises do discover thee.

Cle. To be the faithfullest of all your servants,
Lady.

Clo. The falsest that the sun beholds ; touch
me not

I command thee. — Ho *Selina*, where art thou ?

Cle. She will not answer you, I am engaged,
I read disdain and anger in her eyes,
Persuasions will not do, I must try other means.

Clo. I was to blame to speak so bitterly,
How much his looks are changed ! — *Selina* !

Cle. In vain you call : Madam, I see neither my
sufferings past,
Your promise, or present tender of my service,
Have power to gain your good opinion.
At least consider where you are, give me not cause
By your unkindness, back to reflect upon my own
Advantage, your happiness forgot. I tender you
once more
A servant and a husband : Acceptance
Makes me equal to a God in happiness ;
If you deny, 'tis in my power to take
A sweet revenge.

Clo. Revenge, my Lord ! I know not what you
mean.

Cle. Certain you do suspect, but I'll inform you
fully —

Sure you forget your sex ; else you would rather give
Then have me force a pleasure from you.

Clo. How, Villain !

Offers to embrace her

Cle. Come Madam, you are mine; I must return
kisses,

Embraces for those frowns; nor art, nor force
Can free you from me.

Clo. Unhand me: Can you believe to scape hea-
vens justice.

After an act so foul?

Cle. So foul! so fair:

Yes, often I do hope to do the same.

'Twas well attempted; but now it shall
assist

*{ She offers to
draw his
sword.*

The owner: Yield, or I'll pierce that
Unrelenting heart.

Clo. Traitor, thou dar'st not. [*She spits at him.*]

Cle. 'Tis true, not kill you, had you done me
Above what mankind ever suffered: (wrong'd
You cannot move me otherwise then to
Infinity of love; yield but consent,
And be a sharer in my joy.

Clo. Villain, think of the punishment that does
attend thee

Rather, from the just Gods: yet kill me,
And I will pray to heaven for mercy on thee: (you;

Cle. Your beauty, and my love, both plead against
But you may think me cold to talk thus long,
We must remove into a thicker place.

Clo. Help, help you Gods! murder, treason,
help!

Exeunt.

Enter Agenor.

It is impossible this Bore can scape,
Having so many wounds; sure I shall track him
By his blood.

Within, Clo. Help, oh help! Traitor!

Age. Ha! 'tis sure a womans voice.

Exit.

Enter Agenor, Cleon, Clorinda.

Age. Rude slave, how canst thou injure so much
sweetness?

Cle.

Cle. I must not speak, but do. [Fights]

Clo. O heavens, 'tis he! guard him, you powers.

Cle. Hold, oh hold, and hear me!

Clo. O my dear Lord, believe not ought he says.

Age. Ha! what voice? { *As Age. turns, Cleo.*
Villain, and Traitor both! { *thrusts at him.*

Cle. Oh—— [Dies]

Clo. Are you not hurt?

Pardon you Powers, whom I so oft blasphemed
In my despair. Deliverance! and by this hand!
O my joys, you grow too fast upon me.

Age. 'Tis she, the too much injured *Clorinda*:
Why should I know her, that have so much
Forgot my self and vertue? O my shame!

Clo. Why hang you down your head? these un-
befitting clothes

Nor you nor I should blush at,
Since love did both provide and put them on.

Age. Your love to me?

Clo. Ha— My love to you! you cannot think
My heart is capable of other love.

Age. I wish I could,
For then my falshood had been so much less.

Clo. Dear sir, what is it in me that offends your eys?

Age. This face, if it have less of beauty,
Yet even that loss, since caus'd by sorrow
For your misfortunes, merits from you more love.

Age. Nor face, nor habit, dearest *Clorinda*—but—

Clo. But what? strangely unkind!

Age. Oh here, receive this sword, rip up my breast;
And see what's written in my heart; there,
There thou shalt find the cause of this distraction:

Clo. No jealousy, I hope, nor apprehension
That I have suffer'd rape, my person so
Become unworthy of your love: If either way
Defiled, I should not dare to approach thus near you.

Age.

Age. Then pardon me, divinest Maid, this seem-
ing coldness;

That only grows from my respect to injured virtue:

Clo. How sir! what are you guilty of?

Be it an offence committed against me,

Pardon your self with promise of amends,

And I will seal it on this Princely hand,

That gave so late life to my dying honor.

Age. O do not touch that hand,

It was too active in your wrongs.

Clo. Ha! O my fears! I dare not question more,

And yet I must, my torment cannot well be greater;

Your hand, this hand; speak, oh speak!

Age. What?

Clo. This hand which you so often have approacht

With trembling reverence, mine; this hand

Which to your letters set, assured the free gift

Of your heart to me, hath not presumed to give it

To another sure.

Age. O yes, this hand hath instrumentally be-
queath'd

My heart unto another, with all the ceremonial
Rights of marriage.

Clo. Married! Oh me! pain, danger, and disgrace,
Fruits of a faithful love; behold your recom-
pence. [Weeps.]

O men, false men! — Why then these tears? rather
revenge:

Such wrongs cry loud, and make a feeble arm
Like mine, heavens instrument of justice.

Age. Strike where you please; but if you will
be just,

Here, this is the seat of falshood, here dwells
The traitor.

Clo. But hear the miserable —

Age. O dearest *Clorinda*, add not
unto my breach

*Offers to kill
herself.*

OF

Of faith, the guilt of murder; for your sweet innocence
Could know no spot, but as by me infected.

Cl. Why do you make shews of repentance,
And yet persist in injuries? You seem to grieve
For having made me wretched, yet force me
To continue miserable.

Age. 'Tis to prevent your misery and mine, that
I restrain you:
You had wont to enjoin and teach me temperance,
Remember that.

Cl. O bid me not remember; 'tis loss of memory
Alone can ease my torments; and 'tis a study
Since you will have me live, that I must practise.

Age. Live, and live happily, or else I never can
do so:
Live as my friend, my dearest sister.

Cl. That is a title, had nature framed me such,
I had been happy in. Your brother now, or kinsman,
For I have lost my modesty so far,
Ever to take a womans habit, and whilst I so
Forget my sex, I likewise may forget part of my
grief.

Age. Then as my friend, I will communicate my
fortunes
To you; where you will find, though nothing
Worthy of a pardon, yet something near a fair
Excuse, if Beauty and a Crown bear estimation.

Cl. I know you mean your wife; O me,
why did
I name her? Be not so weak, my resolution
I shall discover who I am, for move her hate
Or scorn, and then you will repent my being
Near you.

Age. I know I never shall.

Cl. I am no Rival; 'tis fit with passion

To

To affect you now, since lawfully anothers right.
This temperance I shall endeavour, however
I will do no wicked office, or seek to make
Appear her vertue, or her beauty less,
Since they are your excuse, my satisfaction grows
From their excess. *Exeunt.*

Act. 5. Scæn. 1.

*Enter King (reading a Letter) three Princes,
Lords, Anstella.*

An. **T**O force me chuse a husband; yet bar the
rights

Of marriage! But I must bear it, since my Father
And my King esteem it fit.

1 Pr. What is the number of the Kings army, sir?

K. Ten thousand Horse.

2 Pr. What Foot?

K. None that appears, but doubtless they are
coming.

After: Princes, you may now manifest your love
To me and to my daughter, by raising forces
To assist me in this need.

3 Pr. You have a powerful enemy, and doubtless
By some injury highly incens'd.

K. Rather his power far exceeds mine;
'Tis that which makes me crave assistance from you:
My daughter, although married, is yet a Virgin;
'Tis possible, in time, that she may prove a widow:
These arguments may witness to you
I mislike her choice.

1 Pr. Indeed she looks as if she were not pleas'd.

2 Pr.

2 *Pr.* But shall we credit this? lay he not with her?

K. Not by my honor; perhaps he never shall,
Though all were carried formally to please the
people,

Who are enamour'd of him now, more than
My daughter is.

3 *Pr.* Sir, though I cannot think there's likelihood
That any of us should ever enjoy your daughter,
Yet I will promise what assistance I can give.

2 *Pr.* The like do I, and for that cause we'll take
Our leaves.

K. I rather thought you would have writ for
forces,
And with your personal assistance and advice
Help to secure this City.

1 *Pr.* So we we should lose our selves to no pur-
pose:

The King will suddenly with his Troops of horse,
If his design lie hitlier, appear before the walls,
And close us in: where if we leave you now,
We may return hereafter to your rescue.

X *K.* I dare not force, although I would perswade
You.

All 3: Lady, we wish much happiness,
Till we return to serve you. *Ex. Princes.*

K. Now thou fond girl, thou mayst perceive
what

Thou hast done to chuse a husband of the common
Rank; these Princes might have been a bulwark
To defend against the powerful foe:
Whate'r they seem, they for thy sake
Will now prove enemies, I fear. (you

An. If you have done no wrong, sir, why should
Fear? This King, whom you believe comes to
Invade, hath his dependance from the Gods,
And they can change or overturn all his designs.

K

K.

K. Thus thou didst ever speak with piety
And wisdom, which made me in thy choice
Expect a worthy son in law.

Enter Agenor.

But thou hast brought shame and disgrace upon
me. Exit.

Anst. The Gods give this allay unto my joy,
Left in possessing you, I should contemn
Their happiness. [Weeps]

Age. My dearest Mistress, (for by that title I must
call you)

He that does give you cause to weep,
Could have no other priviledge but that of
Father, to defend his heart from shedding
Crimson drops: But since it is your will,
I must with patience hear yours, and my
Injuries.

An. Alas, my Lord, consider his years
Make him incapable to feel our fires:
Titles and riches only please old age,
And with those favors Princes often die.

Age. But yet his memory, methinks, might tell
Him by looking upon you, what his desires
Were when he married; and certain, Madam,
You have little of your mother in you,
That can obey so cold a precept,
Where heaven allows too, only man forbids.

An. But yet that man's my Father and my King.

Age. Remember that my interest in what is just
Exceeds both these: pardon the violence of
My desires, which makes me urge this truth,
Since it arises from your beauties: but haply
You do repent your choice, won by your
Fathers threats or promises.

An. Although unkind, yet I must grant you
Not unjust, in this suspicion. Those sparks
Which

Which quickly grow a flame, do oft
As hastily extinguish; perhaps you know
This by experience, that you so quickly
Find my guilt, indeed before it had a being,
But what you may instruct me to hereafter
By your example.

Age. No more, fair soul, I only urg'd it
To obtain that which your Father bars me from,
Your bed; we must not differ thus, being one:
And yet such gentle quarrels only divide us
So, as to behold the beauty of each others
Love, proving at last the proper cement
Of a true affection.

An. Upon a reconciliation, friends (they say)
Are ever kindest: What is't you can deny
Me then?

Age. Nothing that's in my power to grant.

An. Tell me your name and country, my dear
husband.

Age. When I do really possess that title,
By this kiss I will.

An. Are we not married? *(lity.*

Age. But I am ashamed to tell my name or qua-
And yet my wife a maid: When I do know you
Perfectly, you shall do me.

An. Now you are wanton, and I do not love you:
But where's the pretty youth you promis'd me?

Age. He will not tell you who I am, believe me.

An. Well, I'll not ask; pray you let me see him.

Age. You shall; he waits without, — remember
That she knows not who I am!

Enter Clarinda.

A lovely beauty! what majesty dwells in her eye,
How earnestly she looks upon me!
He hath not sure betray'd me to her scorn.

An. I never saw so sweet a Youth ;
That blush becomes him strangely.

Age. Mistress, I here present a Kinsman to you,
One that hath given such testimonies
Of his love to me, I never shall forget.

An. You cannot speak that goodness, which his
looks

Not promise ; however the eye that is
Betwixt you, does oblige me.

Clo. I am betrayed, and she does know me.

An. Are you not well sir ?

Clo. Madam, I have a grief of a sad nature
Does oppress me.

An. Of body, or of mind ?

Clo. Of both ; and if I not express it, my heart
will burst.

Age. What can this mean ?

Clo. Looking upon your beauty, and considering
Your happy fortune, ay me ! the very posture
You are now in adds to my affliction : Oh I am
sick !

Age. Fond man, what have I done ?

An. Call for some Cordial.

Clo. No Madam, now it needs not ; the qualm
begins

To pass, perhaps you wonder, Madam,
That the love betwixt you two should move
This passion.

An. Indeed I think it strange, unless you do believe
That he hath made a choice unworthy of him.

Clo. By all the Gods, I never saw a Lady yet
That I could think each way so excellent ;
And for your love to him, no story's known
That equals your affection:

Anst. What might the cause then be of your
distemper ?

Clo.

The Passionate Lover.

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Clo. I had an only sister, which of all the world
I loved,

And she was sued to by many Princes,
One above her far in birth, but more in merit,
At least she thought so; such power hath vows
And shews of service. I oft have known them sit
As you do now; their hands fast join'd, their eyes
Fixt upon either, their sighs with all the eloquence
Of love, vowing an everlasting constancie;
But O false *Agenor*!

Age. Lost for ever!

Clo. So was he call'd; he soon forsook her for
another Mistress.

An. 'Twas not the Prince of *Burgonia*, that loved
your sister? (for ever.

Clo. Yes, he that loved, and left her and his faith.

An. It was no wonder, he betray'd his Father;
But certainly some heavy punishment attends him
Wherefoe'r he is.

Clo. Perhaps he wanders up and down, to make
more women
Wretched.

An. He's too much hated, to return back to his
Country.

Age. Oh misery!

Clo. Madam, I by my sister was enjoin'd to seek him
Through the world.

Age. Now she discovers all.

An. Whither?

Age. I know the story; he hath told it,
And made me strangely sad: Trust me, I am much
Displeas'd that you should hear it, for that cause;
The King too I know will wonder where you are:

An. Let him, I needs must hear the rest —
And did you ever find the perjur'd Prince?
— Sit down again.

Clo.

Clo. Madam, I think I shall discover him.

Age. It were as good he did himself.

Clo. I heard what Country he was fled to,
Who in his company.

An. What Country's made unhappy by so base
A burden? yet I have heard his person
Promis'd much, a handsom man.

Clo. Madam, trust me my sister had in him
All outward arguments that might produce
A passion; only you know there was no faith
Within; yet there was written in his face
All nobleness, which I dare say you will confess,
I have his picture.

Age. Nay then ———

An. What mean you?

Age. I would not see a Piece, where Nature
Is so much disgrac'd.

Clo. Good heavens, what have I done with it?
I lookt on it this day:

Age. O you Gods, what mercy's this she shews
me!

Enter Lady.

Thom. The King calls for you.

Clo. Sure, Madam, I have left it at my chamber.

An. I pray you find it, I must see it.

Clo. Yes Madam: ——— Alas, you need it not
that have

The substance: Justice commands this should remain
with me;

True shadow, real misery: *Exeunt.*

*Enter Clarimant, Glindor, Merchant, Captain,
and Soldiers.*

Clar. If what you have inform'd me be not truth,
Expect to suffer death; for on your word

I have alter'd my design, given the King
Time to gather men into the City; so as if now
He will be obstinate, he may endure a siege
Some days.

Mer. With pardon sir, there can be no great in-
conveniencie

By what I did inform; the Herald you have sent
Will soon return with answer to your demand.
But for your Brothers marriage to the Princess
Austella, there were so many witnesses of that,
My testimony will ere long be useless. X

Clar. Good heavens, can it be possible? my bro-
ther married,
And not unto *Clorinda*? False *Agenor*!

Clind. She may be dead, sir.

Clar. Ha! what sayst thou, Screech-owl? That
thought

Begets a fear that chills my heart;
One way or other there is death sure: Leave me,
All leave me! [*Exeunt all but Clar.*]
I see no way for comfort; the least of mischief
Is to have a Traitor to my brother:
But rather be *Agenor* false, then she be dead:
In him our sex is only stain'd; in her the joy
And excellence of both is lost for ever:
Heaven could not be so cruel: Virtue and all pure
thoughts

Now by her happy influence are gathering strength,
I know it by my self; and should she fall
Unripened for the grave, the Gods losing in her
Their brightest image, must likewise want
Much of their adoration: If she were dead;
He that so soon can love again, may, she alive,
As well forget his faith: Then she thus injured
May reflect a comfortable beam on me.
Vain and irrational hopes! his breach of faith

Were

Were equal to her death ; and dare I think
 That she can do an act imperfect,
 To admit a second love ? But powerful time ! —
 No time can make me cease to be his brother.
 Yet even beyond all these, if I remain my self
 There is no hope, since her injunction was,
 That I should never see, or speak to her :
 And even since that upon mistakes, degrees of hatred
 Are increas'd ; my griefs summ'd up, my miseries
 Are such, as they do leave no comfort
 But in their abundance, whose weight must quickly
 Press me to the grave.
 These miracles do only grow from love,
 That grief in their excess should comforts prove.

*Exit.**Enter King:*

Avarice, thou bane of man, that steal'st into
 Our souls with promises of happiness,
 But ever pay'st us with disturbance !
 The same in its effect is Pride, that sets
 A gloss upon our selves and actions,
 And throws contempt on others more deserving.
 Covetous to keep a treasure, made me detain
 What I unjustly stood possess'd of :
 Ambition made me use with scorn and injury
 My daughters husband, even whilst he was in birth,
 Although unknown, that which I wisht, a Prince ;
 And now when I do know his blood and value,
 Fear of this storm that hovers o're my head
 Must force me to deliver him up to his brother,
 Although he be in birth that brothers King.
 O you just Powers ! thus do you make the
 Breaches of your laws for our own covetous
 And ambitious ends, the proper instruments
 To execute your wrath by. Most noble Prince,
 The injuries that I have done to you and Justice,

Humbles

Humbles me thus low upon my knees
To beg your pardon:

Enter *Agenor, Anstella*, (severally.)

An. Ay mel this scorn exceeds all former wrongs:

Age. Sir, what you do intend by this, I know not
But well I know the posture cannot suit you:
You are my Father, sir, 'tis not your cruelty
Or injustice shall make me fail in duty;
The sense of my first breach that way
Still dwells within me: Rise sir, I do beseech you:

K. I would not till you pardon.

An. Alas sir, why do you mock us thus?
For all our injuries must be the same,
Howe'r you strive for to divide us:

K. No, *Anstella*, these tears be witness of
My real sorrow: The Gods inspired thee
When thou chose this worthy Prince.

An. How sir?

K. But found me too unworthy of a beam of light
Till now; that knowledg proves my greatest curse,
Since our misfortunes are remediless.

An. You have too soon, sir, rob'd me of the joy
To know he is a Prince, by this expression
Of your fears for something that's to come;
But sir, in this you were indeed the faulty person.

Age. I fear I shall be found such.

An. Could you conceal such joys from me?
But I must pardon you all faults,
You are a Prince, I dare not chide you.

Age. Upon your hand let me express my thanks:
But will you freely pardon for what I have
Conceal'd?

An. Gladly I do.

Age. You will not sure.

An. Be your doubts clear'd by this. [*Kisses him*]

A

L

K.

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K. Daughter, you grant what you should beg:
Let that inform you who your husband is, [*A Letter*]
My injuries to him, and our misfortunes.

Au. Still your conclusions fright me: Good sir
read it your self,
Or rather in some gentler circumstantial way
Inform what it expresses.

K. First know, this paper does contain the Kings
Demands, who with his Army hath now inclos'd
The City, which how we can deny or grant —

Au. Pray read sir.

K. reads. Your own injustice hath drawn me into
your Country;
Yet I take so kindly the alliance you have contracted
With my brother *Agenor* —

Au. *Agenor!*

K. reads. That if you will deliver up the Isle of
Ceris belonging
To my Crown, and my Brother to me alive, I will
quit
Your Country, well satisfied with my charge; but
if in

Any part of this you fail of an exact performance,
To morrow I hope to make my own conditions.
Be advised by him, who appearing your worst enemy,
May in this council prove your greatest friend —

Clarimant:

Au. Oh *Agenor!*

Age. Now can you pardon?

Au. Now can I die; O fate, where have you
plac'd my love?

Age. Do you repent? I ne'r was false to you,
Nor ever can be.

Au. Let not my Father hear; I must forgive,
You are my husband.

K. I cannot blame your sorrow; your fortune
does command

A.

A plenteous shewre, in which I willingly could bear
a part,

If reason did not tell me counsel and advice
Better becomes my quality : I mean not counsel
From my self to you, but that we all advise
Since equally concern'd, what's to be done.

Age. Methinks justice and reason both chalkt out
the way

Of your proceeding.

K. As how, dear son ?

An. Too late, sir, from your heart you yield that
attribute.

K. *Anstella*, thy reproof is just.

Age. With pardon, sir, it is not ; all the fault is
mine,

And justice bids me bear the punishment.

Yield sir to all my brother *Clarimant* desires,

Since by his speedy unexpected coming

Your forces nor supplies from others can be useful.

K. The treasure and the Isle most willingly I will
surrender,

(Would it pleas'd heaven we all were there !

'Gainst that no forces could prevail.)

But to deliver you, that by your death

He may secure himself, first let destruction

Seize on me, already ripen'd for the grave.

My brother, sir, did ever love me,

Perhaps so as his brother ; but now you are

His King in justice, but self-respects will point you

Out the object of his fear, not of his reverence.

Age. He cannot be so impious to kill me.

An. You shall not trust him.

Age. Consider then what hazard all must run,
The lives of thousands, a Kingdoms utter ruine.

K. Alas, 'tis true.

Age. You may perish too, but in my hazard all

Are safe ; 'twere madness to dispute it further.

An. What safety, and you lost ?

Age. No loss, if you consider truly what I merit :
You are a Virgin yet ; I freely give you back
Your vows ; justly you might revoke them
As not intended to a perjured person,
Such you now find I was.

An. But such I hope you are not now to me.

Age. Think me such if I miscarry,
'Twill make your grief the less.

An. But my guilt more in that suspicion :
Did I not think you loved me, yet duty
Does command me share in all that you can suffer
But confident your heart is here, till death,
Nor then, I must not leave you.

K. The glory of the action makes you too partial
To your selves ; we must dispute this further
With my Council.

An. In vain you will dispute, if you intend to part
What heaven hath join'd, which rules both power
and art.

Exeunt.

Enter Philant. and Strato.

Phi. Well, I perceive that we shall lose a noble
Prince :

How happy had we been in his succession !

Stra. Without all doubt the King his brother
Will soon by policie or force destroy him ;
Possession of a Crown will kill all natural
Respects of blood.

Phi. But why then should we not resist ?
Justice hath a strong arm.

Stra. Yet in apparent dangers, fear still overcomes
Our faith and courage ; but here's impossibility :
Our City, though great and populous, hath but poor
walls : The

The Passionate Lover:

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The Kings army, now his Footmen likewise
Are come up, are not without a miracle
To be resisted.

Phi. But was't not most dishonorable to invade us
Without proclaiming war?

Stra. To speak to you the truth, it was but justice:
Did not our King detain a mass of treasure
To which he had no right?

Phi. 'Tis true,---but---

Stra. But what? Come, come, all unjust actions
However they seem profitable for the present,
Involve a curse within them; which when we find,
We must not lay the blame on others:
The best way to appease the Gods
When we have done amiss, is to confess;
Then mercy follows, or our blows wound less. *Exe.*

Enter Clindor and Soldiers.

I So. Think you they will surrender the treasure,
And yield *Agenor* to our King, or bide the brunt
Of war?

Clind. I'll tell thee what I fear, and what I wish;
And if thou dost not so, thou art an ass.

I So. Well, speak: (not)

Cl. I fear they will surrender, I wish they would.
O Lads, might we but come to one assault,
We should be Lords, we that do venture blows;
Where in these Treaties we are sure to have
The worst on't: If peace be the conclusion,
Would I had been employed upon the Treaty.

I So. Why, what wouldst thou have done? (tion)

Cl. Heard no reason, nor offer'd any: the first condi-
Should have been, that all the handsom young
Women and maids in the City should have come
Stark naked to have known our pleasure;
Then the rich men with their jewels and bags
Of mony; then the King with a rope about his neck.

I So. Stay there.

Clind.

Clind. That may be your period; 'tis not mine.
Then for the Prince *Agenor* —

1. What of him?

Clind. Nothing but good, I love him well,
He was a stirring youth, and bountiful,
But yet not like our King: were the people not
So base, he should (might I advise) be left Viceroy
To govern, and I to govern him.

1 *So.* In my conscience should our King shew him
that favour,
Thou would'st persuade him to rebell against his
brother.

Clind. By this light I think I should, I love to be
in action strangely.

1 *So.* That love may chance to bring you to a
preferment

You have courted long, and in my conscience well
deserv'd:

Others that were less worthy when *Agenor* fled,
I saw advanc'd.

Clind. I understand you now, you are a bitter
Rascal;

And here's my hand, if ere there be more broils,
For this thy kind remembrance I'll cut thy throat.

1 *So.* I thank you sir, I'll look for't. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Clarimant, Captains, Attendants,
Souldiers.*

Clar. See all things order'd as I gave command:
I long to see the perjur'd Traitor,
That I may do a justice
To my Fathers ghost, and injur'd Mistress.

Enter Clindor.

The King, his daughter *Austella* are coming,
With your brother Prince *Agenor*.

Clar.

Clar. Traitor *Agenor* ! It seems they mean
To bear him company in death : Attend them in—
Do all just as I did direct.

Enter *Agenor, Anstella, King, Lucidor.*

Age. Brother, you see the advantage of your
power
Forces this visit.

Cl. 'Twill prove to you a sad one : Seize the
Rebel.

Capt. In the dead and living Kings names we do
arrest you.

Age. And I in my own name, your King
In justice, command you hold.

An. O sir ! [*She kneels.*]

Clar. Rise Madam ; your intercession must not
interpose

In this, alone of power to save the lives
Of many Princes.

Age. Just heaven ; he's taken !
This was the mischief I fear'd.

Cl. No Madam ; justice alone commands me to
surrender

This where it is due, [*The Captains put the*
Omnes. Long live *Agenor* ; *Crown on Agenor's*
King of Burgundia.]

K. This is not real, sure.

Age. What mockery is this ?

Clar. O brother, the Crowns of Princes
Are things to which we owe a reverence,
Not to be us'd in sport ; what are their
Sacred persons then ?

An. Let me fall down and worship :
What a strange God-like race of men
These pair of Brothers are !

Clar.

Clar. Madam, I must not suffer that which I am
Infinitely pleas'd with, since it expresses
Your excess of love unto my brother.

Age. I am confounded with such unexpected
Courtesie, that I am lost in all acknowledgment
That may express the power that you
Must ever hold upon me.

(*me:*

Clar. What I have done, justice commanded from
If not, my love hath still been such to you
My brother, that had I been the Monarch
Of the earth, your power should have been equal.

K. This action is so noble, that it does make
Us more your servants than all force could effect,
You have subdued our minds:

Clar. You set so high a price on Justice,
That you confirm my resolution;
Though from the actions I must do,
Will seemingly arise my proper smart.

Age. Command our fortunes, and our lives.

Clar. The hazard of your life is that I must demand.

Age. As how to be employed?

Clar. In taking mine.

Age. Yours! what do you mean?

Clar. To kill you, if you cannot me:

I must not live, knowing whom you have injured,
And not endeavor to revenge.

Age. You cannot be in earnest sure;
If so, look here.

Clar. Could you behold the Image in my heart,
In the true splendor that it wears;
You would not bid me view another object,
Excellent I confess, if not compared.

Age. Brother, if you thus press me,
I shall forget all you have done;
Since there's no benefit so great, but may be
Cancell'd by the doer.

Clar.

Clar. I wish what I have done, had in it all
That could oblige, that I did love you more,
If possible, that you were nearer to me
Then a brother, since all degrees of interest
Serve but like steps to raise the glory of my love
And justice higher. —

Chuse which you please —

This; the time and place?

*{ He offers
2 swords.*

Age. Be witness heaven, with what unwillingness:
Yet since you, Honour and love engage me:
I'll offer to my Goddess (lest she suspect my zeal)
A much loved Brothers blood.

An. O Soldiers! will you suffer thus the worlds
Glories
To eclipse themselves?

Cl. Madam, in vain you urge;
I did before engage them by an oath,
Whatever I commanded, to obey me.

An. Cannot my prayers or tears? O dear my
Lord!

Your brother's young, and by the glory
Of his passion, hath lost much of his reason:
Consider what a mischief even victory
Must prove to either:

Age. Necessity enforces me to accept the combat.
All circumstance consider'd, how more then base,
Ingrate, must I appear? how dull a sense
Shall I express of your perfections,
To hear another magnified above you?

An. If I with that dispence, who can com-
plain?

Age. Such dispensations makes your value more,
And so adds to the justice of my cause.

[Enter *Clorinda.*]

An. To you I turn then: Will you needs end
An action so gloriously begun, in blood?

A brothers murder, or your own? What you have done,
Shewed you a Demy-god; eclipsing all
That story hath recorded: but such an end
As you design, will cast you from the height
Of all your glory, and leave you to posterity
A hated name.

Clar. If so, yet still I stand engaged: Love, and
my fate

Appoint this way to shew the ardure of my flame;
Which by no common action could be witness'd.
To that you urge, add this: I know I am
Inferior to my brother in skill and strength;
Yet what to others have been bars in combats,
To me prove arguments impulsive.
In short, the Deity that I adore's profan'd,
Contempt and scorn thrown on her:
If by a feeble arm she fight herself,
It more does manifest her power;
However I shall fall, since hers, a happy
Sacrifice.

Clo. Hold! rather a wretch prophane, and most
Injurious to that Deity, to whom thy false
And counterfeit devotion seems directed.

Clar. O you Gods! Grant thy self mad, rather
Prove such; or by what's dearest to me,
I'll pierce thy heart.

Clo. Do so.

Clar. Ha!

Clo. I shall be known.

Clar. Have I not seen a face resembling this?

Clo. Does the guilt with which I justly tax you,
Abate your rage? let Gods and men hear what
I urge, nay, your own conscience be a Judge;
And if I then be found injurious, kill me;
No hand is fitter to give conclusion
To my misery.

Clar.

Clar. How am I lost! this is no time for talk :
Soldiers, remove him.

Clo. Hear me!

Clar. Away with him.

Clo. By what you hold the dearest, I conjure you
Hear me! Deny that, and so make good
All I accuse you of. — This is some hope
He knows me not.

Clar. If I consent, by the same power
You may command me cease the combat.

Clo. I swear the contrary.

Clar. Be brief then; and for this interruption,
Soldiers, I conjure you by your oath
To kill him when the combat's ended,
My innocence acquits you from his blood.

Clo. Answer me then, you that pretend your self
So great a Votary to Love, and friend to
Justice: Is't lawful for any who is not
A Priest, to offer sacrifice?

Clar. None may.

Clo. What warrant for your present action then,
To sacrifice your brother, or your self?

If you alleadg, your love must know
No limits, are you not then prophane?
But grant your youth and folly this;
That love that's so irregular, pays a devotion
Sure; but where? Not to a Mistress, but vain-glory
And self-conceit. Your Mistress sure hath no less
Power with you, you think, then that of Kings
Over their subjects: Who dare make war
Without commission from his Prince?
You cannot boast one from your Mistress;
When if she be that excellence which you pretend,
'Tis not unlike she wishes well to him
Whom you would punish as her enemy:
Sure she hath cause to hate you for presumption,

Hypocrisie and treason: All which, if well consider'd

By an impartial Judge, appear to be the
Groundwork of your present action.

Clar. 'Tis she; for who could else so powerfully
Condemn me?

Cl. What I have spoke, is in my own defence,
Who am till now unknown, a brother
To the injured person; and had there been
A wrong resent'd by those that were concern'd,
So far as blood might expiate, my sword
Of yours in justice had precedence.

Clar. She would not have me know her: I must
confess

Your former words have made so deep impression
In me, by sometime touching upon truth,
That here the difference with my brother ends.
But what you last urg'd concerning the
Precedence of a Brothers sword, I am so far
From granting; that if my reason
Cannot alter your opinion, my sword shall force
you

To deny it, when time doth better fit.

Cl. Most gladly.

Clar. In how poor things does she and Fortune
Give me power to serve her!

K. Most excellent Prince! how much we all
do owe
You for our present happiness!

Age. For me, I hold my Crown, my life, nay
more,
Possession of my fair *Austella*.

K. Since by the mercy of the Gods, the storm
That hung over our heads threatening blood
And ruine, is thus removed; let us with joyful
Hearts haste to the Temple, and there by

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Hecatombs of sacrifice express our thanks:

Cl. Whilst I

That cause this joy, prepare to die:

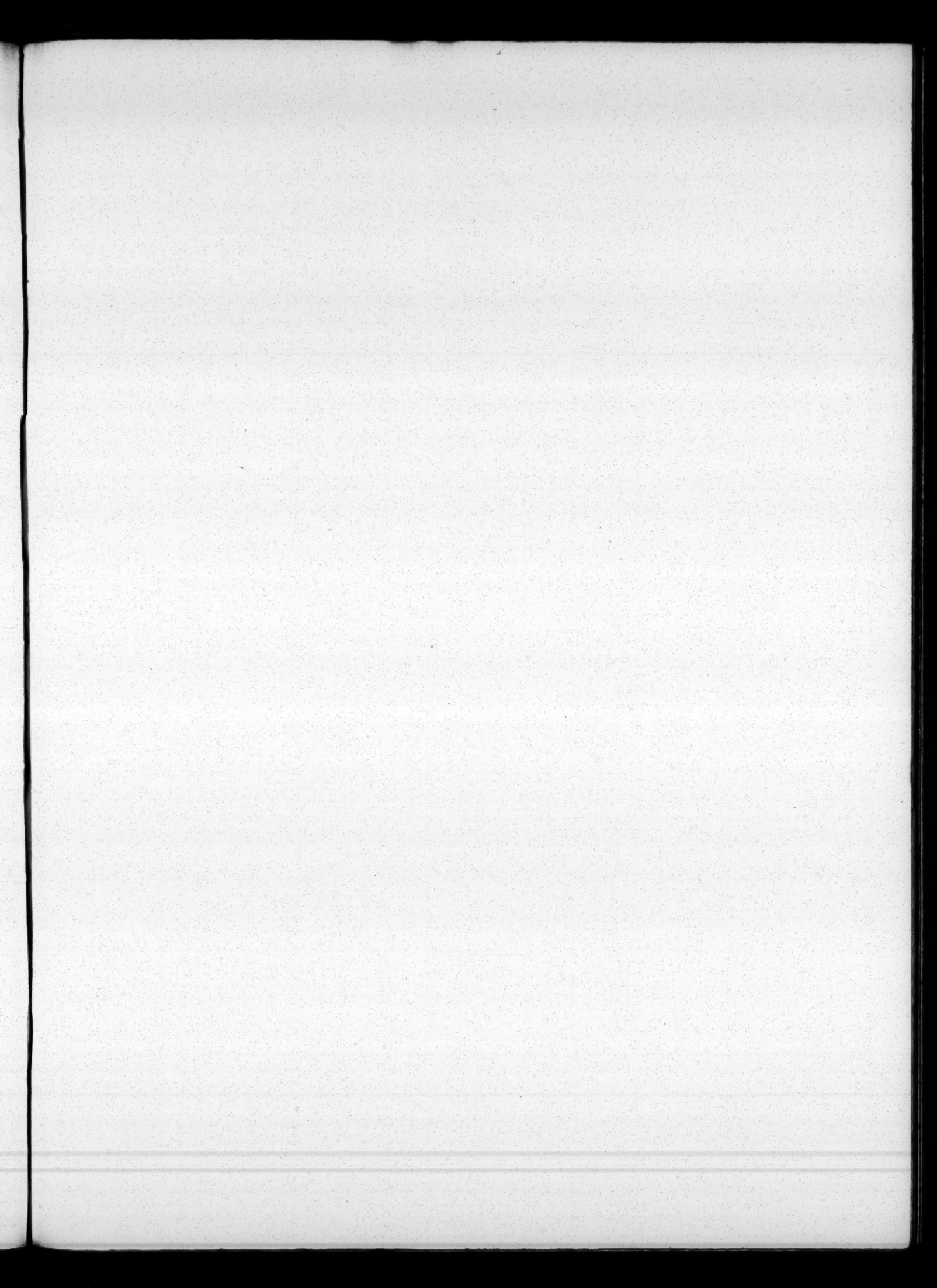
Clar. O thou great Deity, observe her scorn!
What I have done, was fore-design'd by thee:
Revenge! but let her punishment prove love of me.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

Epilogue, to the King.

IF what hath been presented to your sense
You do approve, thank your own influence;
Which moving in the story that you told,
Infus'd new heat into a brain grown cold.
Thus far our hopes: But now just fears begin,
For much that is left out, for more brought in;
But since all change was to the better meant,
Although we fail, yet pardon for th' intent.
Such sweet indulgence from good natures fall,
But the strict Critick will for censure call.
We would please both; and since we want the art,
Sir, stay the sentence till the second Part: [Kneels]
Such favour oft your piety lets fall
Upon delinquents no less criminal.
Stay! even in policie your grant is fit;
Hope quickens, what despair makes dull, the wit:
Nay, could our Author some new arts display,
Yet this condemn'd, you'l slight the second Play:






Collated
Perfect.
J. H. 1798.

THE
Passionate Lover,

SECOND PART.

Act. I. Scæn. I.

Enter Cleon and Selina.

Sel.  Y Lord, be confident, thus chang'd,
there's none can know you.

Cle. But dare I hope thou hast for-
given me?

Sel. The mercy that you shewed in unbinding me,
May well assure you; nor am I ignorant
How far our passions may transport, aided by hope
To attain our ends.

N

Cle.

Cle. But now the current of my love runs in the
proper (due
Channel, and shall ever center here, a tribute justly
Unto the ocean of thy love : Why did I fondly dream
There was a happiness exceeding this ? [*Kisses her*]

Sel. Your kindness was so great, so unexpected,
That I am now more yours than ever : I never must
Forget the pains you took in coming to unbind me,
Creeping upon your hands, all smear'd in blood,
'Twas well you scap'd with life.

Cle. aside. Thanks to my privy coat; had I expir'd
In such a pious action, yet so I scarcely had
Deserv'd forgiveness, much less this sweet continuance
Of your love, sure to be valued far above *Glorinda's*
hate,

Whose interest to a Crown made her
In my ambitious eye appear more beautiful ;
But now, reason commands her yield to thee
Precedence in my heart.

Sel. How easily we give belief to what we wish !

Cle. Though the Gods know how all my love is
cancell'd,
Justly turn'd hate to her ; yet love and gratitude to
thee

Commands me to attempt the Crown of *Burgonia*,
Offer'd into my hands.

Sel. As how offer'd ?

Cle. I count it offer'd, when it appears in reason
Within the reach of our endeavours : Of ours, I say,
Mark me, my Queen, in thee it lies to rule me
And a scepter. (me

Sel. It is fit the honor of your love should render
Conformable to your desires : Name me the way
To this your happiness, so mine.

Cle. The seeming pious *Druid* here our Host,
I have discover'd to have been a Mountebank

Phv.

Physitian ; yet now disguis'd, esteem'd by all
This Country a holy and most sacred person,
With whom the Gods are conversant here in this
solitary

Melancholy Grove. By him with gold corrupted,
I doubt not to effect revenge against *Agenor*
For this wound most basely given me :
Dispatch his brother *Glarimant* ; nay even *Clorinda*
(As witness of my love to thee) shall likewise bleed.
This done, and this is in thy power to effect,
Is not the Kingdom of *Burgonia* mine
By right of blood ?

Sel. 'Tis certain, they remov'd, you are the next.

Cle. Consider then, my dear *Selina*, what 'tis to be
a Queen:

Sel. A Queen !

Cle. Take but these thoughts into thy soul,
And there's no action difficult or dangerous :
But we have only shadows to encounter with,
The issue real pleasures. (please.

Sel. I must yield ; dispose me, sir, which way you

Cle. That resolution does already crown thee.

Sel. I would not have you think it is my ambition,
But my love engages me ; but yet I fear.

Cle. What can you doubt ?

Sel. Swear sir by the immortal Gods,
To make me privy to all your actions ; (me,
And when you have attain'd the Crown, to marry
So to remove some jealousies.

Cle. I do by all that's sacred ; nothing but death
Shall part us ; this kiss be farther witness —

[Enter *Druid*.]

O sir, you are welcome ! what news ?

Dru. I have no leisure now to tell you :
I must disguise to entertain some curious
And devout people.

Exit Dru.

Cle.

Cle. He every day goes to the City
In a several shape, so to enable himself
To appear more knowing here : I wonder much
None of the Court are so zealous to visit him,
At least to know their fortunes,
For he delivers oracles as from the Gods. (time

Sel. No doubt there are ; but now the present
Affords so much discourse of other peoples
Fortunes, that they neglect the knowledg
Of their own.

Cle. To know the fate of others,
Does often give a light to ours :
At least let us be diligent, whose industry
Can only make us happy : Perform but carefully
That which I shall impart,
And thou shalt have a Crown to crown thy art.

Exeunt.

Enter King, Prince, and Attendants.

K. Most noble Prince ! though you may well
believe

The forces you have brought unto my aid
I shall not use, yet I must ever be ambitious
To requite that love which caus'd your diligence ;
Nay, I shall think my happiness defective,
Although great, till fortune point some way
Wherein I may express my gratitude to you.

Pr. Most royal Sir ! fortune hath been to me
Auspicious, more then had I proved *Austela's*
Choice ; and this expression you have made,
Imboldens me to let you know wherein.

K. Sir, I beseech you name it.

Pr. Know sir, not my ambition to enjoy your
Kingdom,
Could so far blind my judgment, but that I ever
Found your younger daughter *Olinda*, in herself,

The

The more deserving love, especially from me.
I would not, sir, say more, lest I should seem
To boast a happiness which merit never can attain
But by infinity of service, and much suffering.

K. Indeed I did observe, whilst you were in my
Court,

(*Austela,*

You much more did converse with her than with
Who ever was reserved. If *Olinda's* affability
Have gain'd your good opinion, your courtship hers,
It is a happiness beyond which I dare not expect.
If it be less than this, and that by the freedom
Of her humor you believe your interest greater
Then indeed it is; yet there will only be
Better occasion for my love to shew it self.

* Pr. My actions shall ever witness for me
How I prize your royal favour.

Exeunt.

Enter *Clindor* and 1.

1. Did you not lately murmur against peace,
Cried up war as the only blessing?

Clind. Yes, I did so.

1. I scarce remember your sword did ever purchase
Such gay Caparisons.

Clind. I see thou art a very simple Fellow:
This is the harvest of the war; the King
Whom we did terrifie, made Presents unto us
Commanders. If thou canst shew me where Soldiers
Are made much of in cold blood, then I will
Magnifie thy mouldy mistress, Peace:
Till then, *Bellona*, thou art my Patroness.

1. Thou talkest as if thou hadst done some mighty
Matters; and yet I fear thou art a Coward.

Clind. I love you, sir, too well to let you suffer
Such a grief as fear, for me: Draw.

1. Draw! are you mad? or is your wit so great
To spoil

Your memory? were not two shot to death that were
Seen fighting?

Clind.

Clind. Very pretty, you grow valiant to abuse
me.
Because their valor found a punishment.
The Prince ! Justice, sir, I beseech you.

Enter Clarimant and Attendants.

Clar. For what, or against whom ?

Cl. He told me, sir, he thought I was a Coward.

Clar. Perhaps you have given him cause to think
so.

Clind. Better and better ! But sir, may men speak
all they think ?

Clar. Why not ? I do so, and never will again
Dissemble.

Clind. But may I, sir ?

Clar. Yes, so it be not blasphemy or treason.

Clind. How, sir, do you distinguish treason ?

Clar. Look what the Law says.

Clind. Pox on the Law !

Clar. How ?

Clind. I cry your Highness mercy ; I had forgot
the Law was so

Near kin to you : This scurvy fellow has made me
mad.

Clar. You would not live without law.

Clind. No, I beseech your Highness grant me the
Law.

Clar. Most willingly.

Clind. The law of Arms, sir, and let him prove
me a Coward. [He draws.]

Before your Highness, and see how I will defend my
self.

Clar. I know not how in justice I can pardon this
Unless I do pronounce you mad.

Clind. I do beseech your Highness do so.

Clar.

Clar. Sure you are mad.

Clind. Then I may kill this Rascal, and your law
cannot

Hang me. [Offers to strike]

Clar. Bind him, to prevent mischief.

Clind. Any thing to save my honor ; let me not
have my hands

Loose ; wear a sword, and be call'd Coward !

Clar. He did but think so.

Cl. Let him not think aloud then in my hearing.

Clar. Come, I will end the difference ; I do
pronounce

You are no Coward, and him a fool for thinking so.
Be friends.

Clind. Not with a fool ; you shall excuse me sir.

Clar. Be gone, and leave me. *Ex. Cl. &c.*

Why do I give this intermission to my sorrows ?

Clorinda's pleas'd I should be miserable :

Since in no other way, in that I will content her.

But this obedience yields a satisfaction ;

And satisfaction fits not perfect sufferings,

Which she the perfectest of creatures feels :

I can no more admit to be less miserable

Then my Mistress, then I could be content to be

More happy ; is there no way to change my fate

With hers ? O no, her torment rises from the

Falshood of her Lover, where she had plac'd her joys :

Mine, in the not attaining of a Love

Where I dare not pretend to merit :

I am a happy man, if by comparison I judge.

Enter Agenor, Anstella.

Age. Still alone, dear brother !

An. Most noble sir, why do you thus retire your
self

From

From those who know no satisfaction
Greater then your company ? I must pretend
The interest of a sister now ; you shall not
Hide your passion, nor the cause from me,
I know 'tis Love.

Clar. Madam, it is confest : But since despair
Is, and must ever be the only issue of my love,
I would not have those I esteem
Engaged with me in misery.

An. Can you be so unjust to your own merits
To despair ?

Clar. So just to her perfections.

An. If not a Judge of this, at least make me
Your Advocate : yet all my eloquence
Will rest in shewing her the happiness
That she refuses.

Clar. Madam, she is not capable of any increase,
She's dead to me and all mankind.

An. How mean you ? by a figure, or dead indeed ?

Age. I'll take her off from this discourse,
Lest she discover *Clorinda* in disguise.

Dear *Austella*, in vain you strive to comfort him,
That can know none, his Mistress dead.

An. Rather in vain I strive to know what both
Resolve to hide from me : It was not curiosity, sir,
But a desire to serve you : That belief
Will speak my pardon.

Exit.

Age. I fear she is displeas'd.

Clar. Reason hath too much power over her soul
To be displeas'd without a cause : I hold her
Every way so perfect, that I durst make
A full discovery, crave her assistance ;
But then *Clorinda* would more justly hate.

Age. O brother, speak no more of hate ; it is im-
possible,
If ever she did love me. You have my Intrust,

But

But much more prevailing must your unequal'd merit
Prove.

Clar. Merit! dear brother, it is impossible:
Since what I have done, or shall ever do,
Grows from her influence upon me.

Age. I see that I am yet to learn what it is
To be a perfect Lover.

X Clar. Rather you have not practis'd what you
know.

Age. Brother, I must confess it is my shame,
Though not my grief, since my inconstancie
Hath made me but more happy.

Clar. How!

Age. Frown not: I mean more happy,
As my inconstancie leaves you *Clorinda* free;
And if she prove averse to your desires,
Her constancie to me admits of a just censure,
Not applause.

Clar. If you believe you have a power in her,
After your breach of faith, such as may aid me
In my love; she is not that perfection
That I adore, and by such yielding
Could not make me happy.

Age. Then you propose a love without a possi-
bility
Of satisfaction.

Clar. Yes, if it suit not with her excellence:
The Gods sometimes appoint us such sad fates,
That 'tis our duty to pursue and glory in our misery.

Age. I see a miracle must make you happy:
Be not displeas'd that I invoke the Deity
In your behalf; and Brother, know that those
Who would be held the most devout,
Esteem things just and worthy, because they do
Proceed from a divine power; not that they are
Agreeing to our faith, or understanding.

O

Clar.

Clar. Brother, what you would undertake in my behalf

Becomes your love to offer, but not mine to accept.
A person truly humbled by sense of his unworthiness, ★
Sure dares not hope: And to admit an Advocate,
Supposes that; nay merit in himself, or in the
Intercessor; or which is worse, an easiness
To be overcome with words. Any of this
Is such impiety my love cannot be guilty of:
Her being his perfection, all things great or good,
Clarinda nam'd, in that is understood. *Exeunt.*

Enter Prince, and Olinda.

Pr. Dear Lady, let me know how I have lost
Your favour.

Ol. First let me know why you believe you
Ever had it?

Pr. When I was here a suitor to your sister,
You did not then look with such scorn upon me.

Ol. Be so again to any other, and I will give you
cause

To think me every whit as kind:
Here you discourse of Love; express a sense
Of what you do profess to suffer by way of
Martyrdom, perhaps accompanied with a sad sigh
Or two: (self

Pr. And can you yet be crueller? when you your
Have caus'd a nobler passion than what I made
But shew of to *Angela*.

Ol. It seems then you can counterfeit.

Pr. I must confess; but yet —

Ol. Nay spare excuses: As I live, I like you the
better

For it; and if you love me now, know this to com-
fort you,

We

The Passionate Lover.

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We only can agree in being dissemblers. *{ Offers to go.*

Enter Clorinda and Selina,

(as in discourse.)

Olind. Most noble sir I methinks my Genius
Should have inform'd me the happiness of your approach;

And yet 'tis fit I leave you now,
But there does stay my best of wishes. *Exit.*

Sel. She had like to have said, her heart:
Alas poor Lady, how love does fool thee!

Pr. It must be so; this stranger is the cause
Of her neglect to me: With what unwillingness
She parted from him! I will not, cannot suffer
This second affront; I shall become the scorn
Of all men. *{ Exit, and justles Clorinda.*

Clo. What means this!
But why, *Selina*, when I call'd,
Came you not to help me?

Sel. Alas, Madam, I was fast.

Clo. Could you so quickly be so sound asleep?

Sel. Weary with travel: But, Madam, what said
Agenor, on that point?

*(The King I now must call him) when he perceived
It was Lord Cleon, his trusted friend,
That he had slain?*

Clo. He does not know it yet, nor ever shall:
For since his passion to me procured his death,
His faults be buried with him: Besides, I know
It would have been no little torment to *Agenor*
To find such falsehood.

Sel. Is it possible that you can yet consider him,
Otherwise then to revenge his falsehood?

Clo. If thou hadst ever truly loved,
Thou couldst not ask me such a question: *Clarimund!*
I must not stay.

O 2

Enter

Enter Clarimant.

Clar. Sir, though you have hitherto found means
to avoid me,

Yet having now the opportunity,

I needs must press you to a short discourse,

And such a one as will require the absence

Of your servant.

Clo. I must obey necessity: Leave me.

Sel. Is it possible he does not know her?

Exit Sel.

Clar. I see you wear a sword, and make no question
But you know, or think you do, how to maintain

With it the assertions of your tongue.

Clo. In what?

Clar. Is it possible that you can ask? yet since

I must,

I will refresh your memory, and whet my own revenge

By repetition. You, as a brother, did pretend

You had more interest to right *Clorinda's* wrongs,

Then I her servant.

Clo. And proved it, did I not?

Clar. In part the oratory of your tongue prevail'd,

And I condemn'd my self; but honor forc'd me

Make appeal unto my sword, and there you must

Orecom me too, before I quit so dear a cause. *[draws]*

Clo. Truth told me then, and bids me still maintain

That I am most concern'd in what *Clorinda* suffers:

[Draws too]

Clar. Your resolution pleases above expression:

Which forces me an enemy to beg the favour

To kiss that hand, though it may prove to me

An instrument of death.

Clo. Keep off; I dare not trust a reconciled foe,

✓ Much less an enemy profess. Employ your sword,

Whose force I fear less than the impositon'd flattery

Of your tongue.

Clar.

Clar. Then guard your self, your breast lies open.

Clo. You shall not find it so, if you dare strike.

Clar. Alas it is too true; you have a guard which I
Can never force; and since invisible, it is fit I yield;
Here to confess my self overcome, is to triumph.
But if you hold your victory your shame, which
much I fear,

Then purge that stain with my heart-blood,
A sacrifice most justly due to your disdain.

Clo. A Cowards blood can have no vertue in it.

[*Offers to go*]

Clar. Stay.

(*revenge*)

Clo. Imploy your sword then, and nobly take
Upon your enemy: I swear, that act
Will with me raise you to the highest estimation.

Clar. O *Clorinda*! that word pronounc'd,
Think what you do enjoin me.

Clo. I fear'd before you knew me,
But thought it fitter to practise the masculine part
I am to play, with you, then with another:
Perhaps with some I have to do, where my
Discovery is my ruine. Thus much, confident
Of your esteem, I dare discover.

Clar. What musick's in these words! (pleas'd)

Clo. Trust me, Prince *Clarimant*, I am much
To see you.

Clar. Madam, assure me that I do not dream.

Clo. Believe me every sense is free,
Only your joy is too much rais'd.

Clar. Too much! when you speak to me, and not
in anger. (power)

Clo. Contain your self; for know 'tis in your
To make me happy.

Clar. In mine! witness you Gods
There is no bar betwixt you and your wish.

Clo. None but your will.

Clar.

THE PASSIONATE LOVER:

Clar. My will! That, and my other faculties
Were ever yours.

Clo. Swear it.

Clar. By all that's sacred, it is and ever shall be so;
For you can will nothing but what is just
And noble.

Clo. My will then is, to which yours must assent,
That you do kill me.

Clar. How!

(pines)

Clo. A miserable life consider'd, death is the hap-
Opposed: That you must give me, or be perjur'd.

Clar. That *Clarimant* should kill *Glorinda*!
Self-murder is esteem'd the highest guilt,
And yet this doubles it: I am deluded
By some spirit; for what proportion
Bears this imposition to your excellent sweetness?

Clo. It bears proportion to my sorrows.

Clar. Could death be granted as your only re-
medy,

Yet that my hand should give it!

Clo. Those servants are esteem'd the truest,
That do the last and greatest offices of duty.
Having no love to pay your vows of service,
My gratitude proposed this as your recompence.

Clar. O heavens! was ever gratitude so cruel!

Clo. Will you not then obey me, nor your oath?
Is this the fruit of all your protestations?

Clar. Is not my will the same with yours?
You would not live, nor I then.

Clo. Kill me, and then do what you please.

Clar. The same say I; kill me, and then do what
you please:

* *Clo.* Your vow was not to echo my desire,
But to obey what I enjoind.

Clar. It is true, in what was just and noble.

Clo. Is it not so to relieve a friend distress?
Your path past too?

Clar.

Clar. No friend will ask, for shame,
That help he does refuse to give.

Clo. The guilt remains with the first breach, and
that was yours.

Clar. Alas, you press what no example yet came
near,
To kill that person that I value more
Then all the world.

Clo. No doubt brave *Brutus* servant lov'd his
Master;
Yet kill'd him, being commanded.

Clar. Perhaps he was his slave, and gain'd his
Freedom by it.

Clo. And shall not you do so? A freedom from
the bonds
Of Love, the Tyrant-master that I lie. But did not
Herod

Doom to death in one his Wife and Mistress,
Lest any other should enjoy her?
And this caused from excess of Love.

Clar. Unto himself, as I dare never hope
To be so happy to have his interest,
So I shall never fear his punishment. [Kneels]
This is that posture which my former vows
Best suit withall: Nor am I humbled thus,
To beg for pity to my self, but you,
Divine *Clorinda*! who ought to be
As far from thought of punishment,
As you are free from guilt.

Clo. False perjur'd man! I can be free from
neither,
Whilst I stay here.

Clar. O misery! was ever man so wretched!
In the performing what she should command,
I still have plac'd my only hopes of merit.
Sure fate did never yet to any Lover

Put

Put so hard a part,
To disobey, or pierce his Mistress heart. *Exit.*

Act. 2. Scaen. 1.

Enter Austela, Clorinda.

An. Come sir, you must not be so sad :
Sure there is some strange sympathie betwixt
Prince *Clarimant* and you.

Clo. No sympathie at all, if he have any cause
Of grief ; mine's meerly natural.

An. I find you dissemble with me :
Your griefs have such resemblance, that knowing his
Is Love, I am assured yours is the same.

Clo. Love ! I honour all the sex ; yet never knew
That passion for a woman.

An. I must confess that you have in your self
So much of beauty, that looking in your glass,
It is not like you should be taken with anothers form :
But yet take heed, the Gods may punish pride.

Clo. To be such, is a punishment so great,
The Gods can add no more.

An. The interest you have in the King, hath
made me
Study your content : I find my sister loves you ;
And what her blushes will not let her speak,
I must.

Clo. If she herself should tell me so, it were fit
for me
To think she said it to make sport, knowing
My own unworthiness. *X*

An.

An. How slow soever you are of belief,
I must make known a Ladies passion to you
Every way your equal.

Clo. I have not seen that person, sure.

An. What do you think of me?

Clo. You! as of the soul of all perfection,
And only worthy him you do enjoy.

An. I must not think my beauty worth esteem :
For, gaining him, there is a conquest, which obtain'd,
Deserves a triumph. That blush shews you conceive
me.

Clo. Madam, it is impossible I should understand
A speech so disagreeing to that character
I had received.

An. It will be unjust to value me the less
For my esteem of you:

Clo. Of me!

Enter *Agenor.*

An. Know, gentle Youth, not all the ties of duty
Have power to bar me the expressions of love,
That grows from such perfections as the world
Never knew : Hide not that lovely face,
Which even the King beholding, must excuse me.

Age. Thou lyest, false woman.

Clo. O *Agenor*! I never wisht thee half so mi-
serable.

An. Why do you turn away? What, weep! Is
my love
Such an injury? Or if some word have past my
lips,
That mov'd this passion, my lips shall satisfy
By taking off these tears.

Age. I can endure no more :
Just heavens, how my inconstancy is punisht! Exit.

P

An.

An. Clear up those Suns, and let them gently
shine upon me,
Or I am lost for ever ! Not moved with all my
Courtship,
Continue thus unkind, insensible of a Queens love,
And I shall think you are no man.

Clor. The weakness of my passion hath discover'd
me :

Madam, such an excess of happiness
To be thus favour'd by you, produc'd this passion;
Tears are as well the effect of joy as sorrow.

An. A woman, I am confident ! Now I can
read it
In her face, sir. I accept of your excuse,
But then you must forgo this sadness.

Clor. Madam, all other thoughts but the consi-
deration
Of your favour, are henceforth banish'd.

An. I yet am something doubtful of your pro-
fessions,
You may confirm me.

Clor. As how ?

An. Sure you have a Mistress, some in the Court
That you do love.

Clor. None, trust me.

An. Then you do love the King so much, that
you hate me
For my inconstancy, you may forgive it, I know
he will ;

He thinks it is no vice, rather a virtue,
To have choice of Mistresses. — Why do you sigh ?
This touches ; nay, now you break your promise.

Clor. Madam, I am not well.

An. Will you rest your self upon my bed ?
I'll call the King, then you will be well,
It is he must cure you, Lady.

Clor.

The Passionate Lover.

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Clor. Lady! O my heart ——— [Swoons]

An. What have I done? ho, some Cordial quickly!
Help —

Enter two Women.

Madam, he recovers.

An. Lay him upon my bed, gently for heavens
sake!

Exit woman and Clor.

In this discovery I my end obtain,
But make provision for my future pain.
Such fruit our jealousy produces still:

x Better not know, then know the worst of ill. *Exit.*

Enter Clindor and a Gentleman.

Clind. Pray you sir, shall I make bold to ask a
question?

Gent. A dozen, if you please.

Clind. You are courteous. Why was the King
sent for by the
Queen in such haste?

Gent. I must not tell you that.

Clind. Perhaps you cannot.

Gent. I cannot, sir, be ignorant.

Clind. O, wondrous easie; perhaps the King
knew not
The cause himself.

Gent. It may be so; Kings know not all things.

Clind. You do, it seems.

Gent. Seem, sir!

Clind. Nay, be not angry; you promis'd largely.

Gent. I promis'd nothing.

Clind. 'Tis true; and nothing I expect. So fare
you well. (ask.

Gent. Remember, sir, I only gave you leave to

Clind. 'Tis true, I cry you mercy:
Then I may ask one question more.

Gent. You may ask any thing.

Clind. Do you not think I had ill luck
To find a man so overwise for my Informer.

Gent. Troth fir —

Clind. You need not answer, I am already
Satisfied.

Gent. I see you know not me,
You are a shallow fellow.

Clind. And you so deep a puddle,
No plummet can find the bottom;
You have no ground, fir: So fare you well,
My cautious Monsieur. *Exeunt.*

Enter Agenor and Clorinda.

Age. O dear *Clorinda*! how powerfully thy
beauties
Now present themselves, and every minute gather
strength
By these thy sufferings! What cause hast thou and I
To curse my base inconstancie?

Clo. How fir! are you so ingrate to heaven,
That for your sake favour'd that vice so far,
To give it the reward of vertue, happiness?
And that so great in your *Austela*,
That all men else are poor compared.

Enter Austela.

Age. My *Austela*!

An. It is well I am denied then:

Age. Did she not court you as a man?
The heart she took from me, though you could not
Receive, your sex denying Entertain,
Is yet so tainted in the tender of it,
That I for ever must repent the change
I made: O *Clorinda*! would this hand
When it was join'd in hers, had rotted off.

Clo.

The Passionate Lover.

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Clo. Do you believe to cure inconstancie
And breach of faith, by new inconstancie?
I see it was a vice dwelt in your blood.

Age. It is no inconstancie, to cast an eye back
On your vertue, too late instructed
By present misery.

Clo. It is enough; this does expresse how miserable
You might have been: But know your happiness is
perfect.

The Queen prompted by jealousie, the fruit of
Ardent love, suspected me a woman,
And your former Mistress, and took this way of
courting me
To be assured.

Age. Your vertue bids you make this fair con-
struction. *[Ent. Austel.]*

Clo. She comes! her sight begets new trouble;
Would I had chang'd this habit for my winding-
sheet. (you

An. Sir, I am glad to find my chamber can afford
So good company.

Clo. Absence at any rate! I must be gone:
Your Majesties pardon. *Exit.*

An. It seems you have cured him.

Age. You made him sick; had I not reason?
It is fit I remedy your errors.

An. You have so many of your own;
It will take your time up.

Age. But there's one especially that troubles me.

An. You would change a wife, would you not?

Age. Do your thoughts prompt you to that questi-

An. It is time when you deny me. (on?

Age. There was a time I might.

An. Had your hand rotted off, the present trouble
Had been saved: You are an unconstant man;
Which granted, both are miserable.

Age.

[illegible]

An. Having such cause, love could not be without it.

Age. But having certainty that vertue is gone,
Love ceasing ends that trouble.

An. The object of our guilt, shall be our Judge.

Age. I do not understand your riddle : who do you mean ?

An. One, that to me cannot be partiall: your
Mistress:

Age. Your servant.

An. Yes, Clorinda.

(honor.

Age. But do you think that you stand clear in

Ans. You cannot hope it sure; but there's the more

For me to pardon : Come, all your passages of love

Are plain ; yours, and your brother *Clarimants*.

Perfwade *Clorinda* that I think her ftill a man,

Left modesty make her forsake the Court,

And both use means to make her love your brother.

These little quarrels, where the hearts are good,

The body of our Love keeps firm, like letting blood.

Enter Clindor, and I.

1. Come, thou shalt lend me ten Crowns ;
As I am an honest man, Ile pay thee.

**Clind, Gain that opinion with me first :
You see the Money's ready.**

1. Why, thou hast known me long,
Did I ever deceive thee.

Clind. No, for I ever took thee for a Shark:
A Fellow too, that would abuse me
In my poverty, in words.

1. It was but in Merriment ; I swear I ever
Loved thee truly.

Clind.

Clind. Yes, and I wil requite it; I know that mony
Would but dull your Wit, spoil Industry:
I finde it by my self, that care keeps close
My Purse.

1. Refuse a Comrade a little Coyn:
Tis poor.

Clind. But yet the custome of the Rich, and things
Must be proportion'd to our Fortune.

1. 'Tis well Fortune and you are friends;
That makes you proud.

Clind. I have a sense of her great benefits, I were
a Fool else.

1. Well! I may live to repay this scorn.

Clind. Yes, sooner then the Money you would
borrow;

Which makes me ask no Bond.

1. Come, prethee supply me, and leave fooling.

Clind. Spare your own pains, Sir, you have done
enough.

1. As I am clad, I am not fit for any honest com-
pany.

Clind. Nor cloath'd in Scarlet trust me.

1. You are a base Fellow: the Tide may turn.

Clind. O admirable fruit of poverty! Valour in-
fus'd I vow:

Yet remember, Friend, quarrels are dangerous.

1. Tell me of danger ———

Clind. I cry you mercy, Sir; I had forgot you
were poor.

Nay, if you be outrageous, I must leave you.

1. We shall meet agen.

Exit.

Clind. Yes, no doubt on't; how calm and tem-
perate

Will Money make one: a man might almost pull me
By the Nose, yet I not angry; such admirable sa-
tisfactions

Here

Here. ————— [Enter *Selina*]

This Youth I have seen oft, had a strange
Mind to talk to him; yet still the brat avoids me.
Stay my pretty knave, shall I borrow a word or two?

Sel. On good security you will ask no more.

Clind. Why is your Mistress staying for you in
the Lobby?

Sel. If she were, what would you give to supply
my room?

Clind. I do believe what ever it were, she would
repay the sum.

Sel. O fie! you look not like an Amorist; that
face would fright her.

Clind. A martial one: *Adonis* was not alwayes
favourite,

Mars had his turn.

Sel. Were you that Deity? your reign is out.

Clind. But I can prove a *Jupiter*, and court your
Mistress in a shower

Of gold; and that, I take it, in all times is powerful
More then your face.

Sel. Descend, descend, and shew yourself a simple
Mortal,

Else I shall leave you.

Clind. Tell me first what Country you are of;
My mind gives me I have seen that face.

Sel. You have a foolish mind that does abuse you,
So fare you well.

Clind. And so have you a foolish tongue that
does betray you;

A certain coy disdainful look too, that stiles you
woman.

Sel. How fir! you shall find me masculine; take
that. [Strikes him]

Clind. This cannot hide you; confess your sex
and name,

Or by this light I will untruss your points,
And then you know what follows.

Sel. Sir, you in this restraint preserve my modesty,
It was my desire that you should know me :
I dare not say you are the cause of this disguise,
Yet you may think your pleasure.

Clind. Now by this light have I mind to beat thee
As a man, for all the scorns thou hast put upon me
For as a woman I am sure thou wilt abuse me,
Especially if thou pretend'st to love me.

Sel. Your scorn's so just, that I must suffer it:

[*Seems to weep*]

Clind. How ! let's see; no moisture ! spare, spare
Linen, good *Selina*. (your

Sel. Oh whither shall I flee to hide my shame !

Clind. Ev'n to your mask and petticoat : Carry
your bum

A little out, you will need no Fardingale a while.

Sel. Alas sir you mistake, I have no other burden
But my sorrows ; from those you only can deliver
me.

Clind. Bar marriage, and I will be your midwife :
Where lie you ? (me,

Sel. As you have honour in you, do not discover
Hereafter you shall know. *Exit Clindor.*

Enter *Clorinda* (with a paper) and *Olinda*.

Clo. Madam ; having received such testimonies
Of your favor, I could not leave the Court
Even in civility, till I had kiss your fair hand.

Olind. What sad things do you utter ! It is not
possible,
You do but fright me sure.

Clo. Necessity enforces ; for I shall leave behind
That which I value far above my self.

Q

Olind.

Olin. Does the King and Queen know what you do intend?

Cl. They must not.

Olin Your resolution is full of cruelty ;
That though you do oblige me by imparting it,
Yet I must fail your trust, and give them notice.

Clo. For your own sake you must not: this paper, I being gone, will let you know a secret That concerns your happiness, and by my stay You will be miserable.

Olin. Alas, that is impossible :
To have your company, includes all joys.

Clo. Since you esteem it so, if I live I will return. ★

Olin. How soon?

Clb. In a short time ; but if you read this paper
Yet this two days , when I come back you have
my curse.

Weep not dear Lady, yield me the honor
Of your hand. [Enter Prince]

Oh. O me most wretched ! you shall not go,
I die if you thus leave me.

C/o. **Atlas** I must:

Pr. Madam, I cannot chuse but wonder
To see you court a Boy thus.

Ol. My wonder is greater at your arrogance
And ignorance, to tutor me, and slight a person
Then your self more worthy.

Pr. What's this?

C/o. From him I may receive that death I seek :
Defend your self.

OL. Ah me! help, help! oh help Prince *Clarimant*,
The gentle Youth is hurt.

Enter *Clarimant*.

Clar. Hurt !
 O heavens, grant me a little { Clar. fights with the Prince,
 space. { beats him off, returns wounded,
 { and kneels to Glorinda.

Clo.

Clo. Why this to me?

Clar. To ask your pardon, that he lives
That drew that precious blood.

Clo. I grieve your hurt, yet thank you not for
interposing.

Enter *Agenor* and *Attendants*.

My Brother wounded! speak, by whom? A Sur-
geon, quick.

Sel. The Prince of *Aquitain*.

Age. Make after, seize him:

Dear *Clarimant*, how is it with you?

Clar. Well; happy to die for such a cause.

Au. You Gods extend your pity: O dear *Clo-
rinda*!

Pour some balm into his wounds, (Spirits.

Age. One word from you may clear his fainting

Clo. Heaven knows I wish his life more than
mine own.

Age. We must do more than wish.

Clar. Although my reason tells me that I owe my
thanks

To your despair, yet the sound comforts me:

O there bestow your cure! my cure lies there.

Au. Thou soul of Lovers, in thee dwells such truth,
Well may thy merit save our faithless Youth,

Exeunt.

Act. 3. Scæn. 1.

Enter *King*, *Agenor*.*Age*: [S there no news? what is become of this rude Prince?*K*. You need not seek for him; his wounds and his disgrace

Are punishment enough:

Age. My reason now does tell me so; but had my brothersWounds prov'd mortal, no corner of the earth
Should hide him from my revenge.*K*. I cannot chuse but grieve the sad accident;
Yet know I am oblig'd, in honor, he coming
To my rescue with such a powerful Fleet,
To look with less severity upon his fault:
Besides, which happily you know not,
I gave him leave to be a suiter to my daughter:*Age*. His punishment would be so great to see
Clorinda,As herself whom he would then have wounded
As his rival, that I confess I wish him here.
Besides, those of his Fleet, or he scaping to
That, may do some sudden mischief.*K*. He cannot be so base, your fears are needless.*Exeunt*:Enter *Clorinda* and *Austela*.*Clo*: Madam, in modesty I could no longer
Wear the habit of a man, once known a woman:
But humbly I beseech you on my knees,

As

As you respect the honor of our sex,
When you return, to licence my departure
From the Court; since misery and discontent
Dwels here, though I were circled in
With all those honors you or the King can grant.

Aust. I must confess I am made happy by your
misery,

And therefore hold my self oblig'd to study always
For your satisfaction: But know, besides this tye,
I have so great opinion of your merit,
Hold it so far to exceed mine, that I am confident
The Gods reserve for you a greater blessing then

Agenor,

A person tainted in his faith.

Clo. Although your own, I must not suffer
Such an undervalue of the King, whose worth is such,
So far exceeding all, that it admits of an allay.
Here it was not so, rather addition;
A change produc'd by such perfection,
Is not to be esteem'd inconstancie, but wisdom.

Au. It is not now, rather hereafter that I shall
return

This argument upon your self: Now let us go do
What charity enjoins.

Clo. That and my duty forces me to attend you.

Exeunt.

Enter *Clarimant* and *Clindor*.

Clind. How is it with your Highness?

Clar. O too well, *Clindor*: my outward wounds
Heal much too fast, since these within do fester.

Clind. Well sir, you little know what service I may
do you.

Clar. I know thou hast and wilt be careful of my
health.

Cl. But sir, I mean that I can serve you in your
love.

Clar.

Clar. O *Clindor*, speak no more ; thou troublest me.

Clind. Will it trouble you to let you know *Clorinda's* here ?

Clar. Here ! where ?

Clind. Not in this room, but in this Country, nay in this Court.

Clar. Alas I know it, and so by this does all men.

Clind. But do they know *Selina's* here in habit of a man ?

Clar. Yes, yes.

Clind. But yet they do not know she is in love with me,

Most desperately too.

Clar. Nor dost thou know it, fool, } *Enter two*
she does abuse thee. } *Surgeons:*

Clind. She dares not ; by this light I will beat her. —

The Surgeons, sir, are come to dress you.

Clar. Must I be dress'd ?

Enter Austela, Clorinda, and Olinda.

Clind. The Queen your sister ! *Clorinda*, as I live, sir.

Clar. O fool, thou lyest ; it is impossible —
Can it be she ?

Au. Brother, how is with you now ?

Clar. So well, that I could kiss that sword that made these

Wounds ; for I by them receive a benefit

Which I durst never hope.

Au. Come, I must dress your wounds ; no common hand

Is fit to touch you. I know this Lady will apply

One plaister, since for her sake you did receive

These wounds.

Cl.

Clo. Led by your example, I am compell'd to
X follow.

Clar. You Gods, what happiness is this! may
they be long

A healing, if still this application will continue.

An. Pray not against your self, heaven is offended,
Granting your request, I fear; for if I not mistake,
They bleed afresh. Fair *Clorinda*,
These drops express his passion, and your power.

Clo. I grieve for both, and know no remedy so
good

As a perpetual absence. X

Clar. Know dear *Clorinda*, it was a thankful heart
That sent those few drops forth to kiss your hand
For so great favours: your cruel resolution
Sends them back, their errand scarce perform'd:
For see, I bleed no more; but know withall
'Tis the destruction of the fountain; the coldness
Of despair must quickly freeze all motion:

An. I owe a reverence to that blood upon this
hand;

O let me kiss it as a most sacred relique
Of the truest Lover the sex did ever boast. *Offers to*
That spot, *Clorinda*, you may wipe away, *weep.*
But never shall the memory of him
Whom you thus cruelly do murder
By disdain.

Clo. Madam, free from that guilt, I cannot appre-
hend.

A punishment. The Gods are just; they be my wit-
If I had happiness to give, I should prefer
This Prince before my self; But I am such a peece
Of earth, so sunk beneath all joys,
That should I yield what he can ask,
Yet I must lie like lead upon his heart.

An. Yet for the present, sure,

It

It is fit you speak comfort to him.

Clo. Comfort from me ! 'tis contradiction
To my being, who am made up of misery.

An. Pray come near, and speak to him.

Clo. I am so careful, that I would not hurt him.

An. Brother, be confident her rigor cannot last,
I shall perswade her to relent.

Clar. O Madam, you mistake ; she only hath the
beauties, (sex :

And not the weaknesses usually depending on her
Her resolutions have their ground from reason ever,
And know no change till it command.

How can she then esteem the less deserving brother
Worthy her love, when he that most deserved
Foully betraid her ? Life could only prove
No curse, if I might be assur'd she would
Forgive the injury she suffers by the trouble
Of my love ; to hope her pitty of my torments,
Is much above my faith.

Clo. Madam, too long we have disturb'd the Prince ;
Our absence would be more conducing to his health.

An. There is a care his merits methinks should
command

Over your gratitude : which that you not apply,
Too late you may repent.

Clo. I so much wish his health and happiness,
That I will ever pray that he may never find
Disquiet thought, and to my prayers likewise add
My latest counsel : Forget *Clorinda*, and make her
happy.

Clar. Forget *Clorinda*, and make her happy !
How can I understand this cruel sentence ?

An. Waste not your spirits, sir ; I think I under-
stand her,
And it shall not be long ere I procure her
To explain herself.

Clar.

The Passionate Lover.

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Clar. You are the comfort of my love, and life.

Exeunt.

Enter Prince Cleon.

Pr. What do I owe my stars that did direct me
To this place, where I find safety for my person,
Cure for my wounds, and such a friend who chinks
me

Out a way to all I can desire on earth!

Cle. Follow my counsel, and be constant in it,
You are the master of your wish.

Pr. Constant! can there be other ends propos'd
Powerful to change me? Revenge for my disgrace;
And the possession of that Kingdom I aim'd at
In *Austela*, now to prove mine with one I more
esteem,

The fair *Olinda*. But how when this is done,
I ever can requite your pains?

Cle. It pays it self; and to secure you more
Of my intention and performance,
Know I am not the man I have appeared,
But one whom both revenge and love does likewise
Animate. —

[*Enter Druid.*]

My Instrument returns:
When we have heard what's his intelligence,
I will lay my self more fully open,
And we'll conclude how to pursue what we design.
What is thy news, good?

Druid. As you could wish.

Cle. We'll hear't within.

Exeunt.

R

Enter

Enter *Clorinda* and *Selina*:

Clo. A man so holy and so knowing, sayst thou,
That can give comforts to all griefs,
Call back the peace that is fled from any mind?

Sel. Certainly, Madam, the spirit of the Gods
Dwels in him, or rather he is a God descended
To the earth to comfort the distressed world:
I am confident, had you but once discours'd with him,
You would not be thus sad.

Clo. O fool! the Gods themselves have not a cure
for me
But death: If he their substitute would give me that,
Then I would visit him most gladly. Prethee leave
me.

Sel. Well Madam, I grieve you have not faith
To trust my words. My words! nay, all the City
Speaks him wonderful for sanctity and knowledg.

Clo. Well, perhaps I will see him: Prethee now
leave me. (sad.

Sel. Alas Madam, I cannot, whilst you are thus.

Clo. I am not so, thou but deceivest thy self;
Or if I be, company makes me worse.

Sel. Madam, since I must, yet still my duty
Presses you to receive this comfort.

Clo. Well, be gone, I will think on it. *Ex. Selina.*
Why do I trifle time out thus, when every hour
I feel a torment more then death can be?
Besides, if I were gone; from the impossibility
To enjoy me, Prince *Clarimant's* affection
Might abate; and yet when I consider,
His love appears none of those sickly passions
Which time can triumph over, since I believe it such,
Where is my gratitude to see him languish?
Nay, to see him die? die of those wounds

That

That he for me received? I never can forget
His blood fresh streaming from his wounds
At my approach; that faithful witness of his joy,
More worthy of belief, than if a thousand tongues
Or pens should be employed: I find my self
More wretched now than ever, fitter to die;
For if I live, I to my own shall add
His sufferings too: And yet methinks that should be
Pleasing: To grieve for him, is to discharge
Part of that debt I owe; I would not be ungrateful.
Live then *Clorinda*, till thou find'st some way
To make him happy. No, it is impossible,
Since I cannot be so; yet I may seem content,
And by that seeming give him real blessing:
And see, fortune presents an object that confirms my
hopes
It may be done, at least I will endeavour.

Enter *Olinda*.

Olind. Dearest *Clorinda*! not less dear, because
a woman;

For such perfections in a man I solely could not
Have possess'd, my own defects barring that happiness:
But as a woman sure, none can pretend
With greater merit to your favour;
All my wants supplied by my firm love,
Which cannot know another object than your fair
self.

Clo. I must esteem my self most happy
In the continuance of your love,
Rather your friendship; for all affection
Is from us proper to the better sex.

Olind. Which sure is ours, you being a woman.

Clo. Your sister will not grant you that,
Whose example you ought to follow, in acknowledg-
ing

R 2

Love

Love and superiority due to the men,
Especially such men as the King *Agenor*
And his more worthy brother *Clarimant*.

Olind. These words of *Clarimant*, if heard,
Would cause a general joy through all the Court :
But he himself must know his happiness by degrees,
Lest the excess again disturb his health ;
Since your last visit he is miraculously recover'd.

Clo. You attribute to me what is more justly due
Unto the King and Queen's, nay your sweet con-
versation.

Methinks you four would be most aptly join'd ;
Two brothers and two sisters, whose perfections
All the world cannot equal.

Olind. Dear *Clorinda*, I must not understand you ;
Or if I do, you have a mean opinion
Of my Judgment, less of my Constancie, -
Which did but now profess my heart for ever only
yours ;

Clo. I take for granted that your heart is mine,
Which I express in that I would dispose it,
And so I would do my own, if I had any :
But know that what I once do give, I never reassume ;
Or if I had a heart, could that be worthy *Clarimant*
Another had despised ?

Olind. What now you speak to me, expresses your
respect to him, ✓
And so must not displease ; for I confess
His merits are so great, that in his happiness
All that love virtue must be sharers :
But I beseech you do not entertain a thought
That you can breed a change in him or me.
Dear *Clorinda*, your virtue and your beauty
Is the object of our Loves ; such a conformity
As may arise from that, betwixt Prince *Clarimant*.
And me, is only fit.

Clo.

Clo. I for my part do ask no more, but that your
lines

Of love do meet in me : But reason in him,
Friendship in you may give me power in time (with.
To tie a happy knot ; this hope the Gods inspire me

Olind. Take heed, they needs must be offended
with you

For a hope that is so unjust.

Clo. Dare you refer your self unto their sentence?

Olind. I dare do any thing that you think fit ;
But this I know you cannot.

Clo. Heaven knows that I desire it. (you.

Olind. But do not hope it, when two wills oppose

Clo. Yet when the Gods shall give their sentence,
Your will and *Clarimant's*, if all your vows be true,
Must then submit to mine.

Olind. Should we grant our obedience, how have
the Gods,

Or can they unto us declare their will ?

Clo. That great Deity that did infuse
A reasonable soul into us mortals,
Inthron'd that Reason as a King to govern
All our actions. But beyond this I am inform'd ;
Nor is it possible but you must know it,
That here without the City in a sacred Grove,
There lives a man so pious, and so knowing
The will of heaven, that all men in distress
Or doubt repair to him, and find a happy issue
Of their troubles.

Olind. It is most true, his fame is great :
If curiosity do move you to go visit him,
I gladly will attend you ; but since I have resisted
What you commanded, dear *Clorinda*,
No mortal man must change me.

Clo. I love this firmness in you ; the fitter you
Will prove hereafter for *Clarimant's* affection.

In hearts of wax, Love easily impressions make,
But those of diamonds hardly new forms take.

Exeunt.

Enter Agenor and Clindor.

Age. *Clindor*, I make no doubt your joy is not
the least

To see your Master thus recover'd of his wounds.

Clind. Faith sir, his outward wounds are pretty
well ;

But there's a foolish shaft sticks in his heart.

The little Archer should be whipt for shooting Sol-
diers,

What has he to do with us ?

Age. He aims still at the noblest marks.

Clind. But those, sir, that are wise, wear privy
coats,

And then his darts prove but burbolts, and drop
down

At our feet : And is not that, sir, better then by our
whining

Or in verse or prose, make these she-gossips think
themselves

Our Deities, who by creation rather are our slaves.

Age. I see thou art an enemy to Love :

Clind. Just as to Idleness : why are we not in
arms ?

Methinks there is now a brave occasion.

Age. How ? we have no enemies.

Clind. Let's make some then : But sir, you have
a cause

Of just revenge against that base Prince which hurt
your Brother :

Let's fall upon his Country, they say a rich one,

And he no doubt lies here obscured to do some mis-
chief :

At

At least let us seize upon his ships here in the road.

Age. It were dishonorable :

He came to the assistance of the King my father,
And for his sake I rather do desire his friendship,
However he appears not to receive it.

Clind. That shews his hatred ; he may be in his
Country

Raising forces to invade your Kingdom in your ab-
sence :

Prevent him sir, and seize on his ; it is a shame, sir,
To lie here hugging a wife, wasting your best of
youth

On poor delights.

Age. Thou knowst not what it is to be rich in
pleasure.

Clind. Yes, to have many purchas'd by my sword.

Age. Is it not as well to have it without blows ?

Clind. Not by the half : If your Majesty should
give me now

A thousand crowns, in the mind I am in,
I swear I scarce would give you thanks for it.

Age. Well *Clindor*, I had such an intention ; but
since I see

It will be no more acceptable, it shall be reserv'd for
some other.

Clind. Your Majesty, if you please, may lend me
such a sum :

At the first City taken by assault, I shall pay it.

Age. The war is so distant from my thoughts,
So long I cannot spare it.

Clind. Nay, as you please sir, I am full.

Age. Able to lend me, are you not ? I am a
stranger here,

And may need gold.

Clind. Make haste, sir, back to *Burgonia*, your
credit's good there :

And

And to say truth, I wonder why you stay so long ;
Your subjects will believe you have forgot them,
Your fathers death, sir, left things much unsettled.

Age. *Clindor*, I thank you for your care ; 'tis
worth my thought,
And shall be worth to you the thousand crowns we
spake of,
Nor shall you pay so much as thanks to me :
Only be careful of my brother ; he is full of melan-
choly,
For which I know no better cure then your com-
pany.

Clind. He shall not stir a foot without me :
But this same foolish Love does trouble us ; A little
Bout, sir,
In the field, War, war would cure us all. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clarimant and Clorinda.

Clar. Divine *Clorinda* ! how quickly is my joy
To see you here, lost by the cruelty of your com-
mands !

All your neglect was just ; but now to bid me
Cease to love you, nay to impose a new affection,
It is such a studied tyrannie, that I in this particular
To Gods and men may justifie my disobedience
To *Clorinda*.

Clo. I must not hope that any argument
That I have used can be of equal force
With her perfections ; if they want power,
'Tis vain to plead it further : but henceforth
Be assured I never shall impose any command
Upon you, nor will I ever see you more,
If with convenience I may avoid you.

Clar. Stay, you cannot think it is possible
I should obey you.

Clo.

Clo. I think you will not rather ; so fare you well.

Clar. O stay ! was ever man so wretched ?
May I not be allowed some time to try
If I can be unconstant ?

Clo. Yes.

Clar. How long ?

Clo. Two or three days.

(*age,*

Clar. Oh ! years, years will not do it, sure not an
I cannot suffer such a thought : To pierce my heart
Is much more easie ; O give me leave to do that
Rather ; then you shall see your character
So deeply printed there, that not *Clarinda's* self
Can ere deface it, not by this injury,
Although the greatest that ever yet was offer'd
To a faithful love.

Clo. Tears from those manly eyes ! it is not fit I
urge it more :

But know withall it is impiety in you
To hope I ever can be yours :
For though no contract past betwixt me
And the King your brother, I hold my self
Unfit to be anothers wife ; my vows of being
Ever his, are sure in heaven recorded.
Think seriously of this ; but withall be assured
That person does not live to whom I hold
My self so much obliged as to Prince *Glarimant* :
The Gods grant you much peace,
Nay greater happiness then they permit me to be-
flow.

Exit Clo.

Clar. Thunder and musick in one voice ; despair
and joy !

Yet reason bids me hope from her last word :
The heart that pitties once, may love afford.

Exit.

Enter

Enter *Clorinda, Selina.*

Clo. *Selina*, I am now resolved to see this Holy man; and if he be what you relate, Hereafter I shall credit you. Prince *Clarimant*: And fair *Olinda* too will go along; Let it be order'd so, if possible, That none take notice of our going.

Sel. That may with much ease be effected: Some hours As in the morning he wholly dedicates To his devotions, and does admit of none to visit him: But persons of your quality are not obliged to any rule. (us.)

Clo. It falls out happily; be ready then to guide

Sel. Madam, I shall not fail; and if you find him not above

What you expect, for ever banish me your favor.

Exeunt.

Enter *King, Austela.*

K. *Austela*, I much wonder why this Unhappy Prince appears not.

An. Doubtless, sir, he is shipt; the sense of his disgrace Will hinder him for ever appearing in this Court.

K. Why should you think so? his action was not such

As you would make it; although *Clorinda* Were a woman, he knew it not, but as a rival In your sisters love did wound her.

An. That is true, sir, it is not that which I alleadg In his disgrace, but that he with such odds Could not defend himself from *Clarimant*.

K. It was his misfortune, and not want of courage, Nor

Nor can I think that he consented
To that assistance which his servants gave :
However I must value him a friend,
For such he shewed himself in my distress ;
Nor shall he suffer in my Kingdom, if it lie
In my power to serve him.

An. I am not, sir, to counsel you : but for my part
The little knowledg I had of him, does make me wish
Never to see my sister married to him ;
And I am confident, if not inforc'd,
She never will receive him for a husband.

K. It is not come to that : I rather fear
His wounds were mortal ; and should he thus be lost
And no account given of his life or death,
It might be prejudicial to my honor, (ever.
All neighbour Princes would avoid my Court for

An. It were no loss, if they were all like him.

K. Daughter, I find you are so partial for your
Husbands brother, that you forget my interest quite :

An. I cannot be so severed by a husband,
As to forget a loving father : My sisters good
Obliges to speak thus much, for whom
I must believe Prince *Clarimant* would prove
A nobler husband than this Prince
You so much seem to favour.

K. It is true ; but his affection's settled on *Clo-*
rinda sure,
Never to be altered.

An. You know not, sir, what time may do ;
Clorinda's self labours to make Prince *Clarimant*
Change his affection to my sister : For her,
She vows never to marry, as having lost *Agenor*
Whom she loved. This I both gather by mine
Own observance, and likewise know it from my
sister,

To whom *Clorinda* hath in part express'd as much.

K. Things standing so, I must confess, if honor
And my word engag'd permit, I quickly should con-
sent.

An. You would have reason. I know *Agenor*
So much loves his brother, that he might be per-
swaded

After your death to live here, and leave the govern-
ment

Of *Burgonia* to *Claximant*.

K. It were a high point of state, could it be so,
And we should aptly pay the care we owe
Unto this Kingdom. That State is much more happy
Where the Prince himself remains,
Then howsoever govern'd by a Substitute.

An. Add to this, what happiness it were for me
To live here in that Kingdom, which I
By your favour brought my husband.

K. My dear *Ausela*, I rejoice in thy instruction:
My daughter and my Tutor, to thy clear
Judgment I leave the managing of this affair. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleon and Druids

Druid. Will you not let them see my art?

Cle. No, no, it were loss of time.

Pr. On peril of your lives keep *Enter Prince*
close, till you be call'd. *and Sailors.*

Cle. Speak not of calling;

As soon as you perceive them once entred

This thicket, break forth and seize them:

If any men come in their company,

Unless they yield, kill them; whilst we convey

Away the Ladies to the ship. Where lies the Boat?

Who guides to that?

Sail. Fast by here in a Creek.

Pr. But why should not we rather let them come
Unto

The Passionate Lover.

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Unto his Cell ? then we might better seize them.

Cle. Oh by no means ! he must remain here still
In the same reputation, untill by poison
Or some other way the King *Agenor* be dispatcht ;
And then come to receive a Dukedom
For thy recompence, — or else a halter.

Drw. Doubt not, I will deserve it.

Pr. My mind misgives me that they will not
come.

Cle. Oh fear it not ; both love and curiosity
Advance their steps, either of which
Hath power to make young people run :
The boy that brings them, hath his interest too :
I judge it near the time : [*Ent. Sailor*]
I see them coming.
Cle. Stand close.

Enter *Selina, Clorinda, Clarimant,*
Olinda, Clindor.

Sel. Madam, it is but a little farther
Within the Wood.

Clind. Whilst they enquire for Oracles,
I'll talk with you : It is a notable witty rogue —
The place methinks invites : [*Ent. Sailors*]

Clar. Traitors !

Clo. Help, help, you Gods !

Pr. Make good 'gainst them,

Cle. Lose no time. [*Ex. Pr. Cle. Clor. Olind.*]

Enter *Clarimant* and *Clindor.*

Clar. O *Clindor*, that we had { *In the fight Sail-*
wings ! *ors are kill'd.*

Exeunt.

ACT.

Act. 4. Scæn. 1.

Enter *King, Agenor, Austela, and*
Attendants.

K. **T**Is strange that they should be so long re-
turning,

It is not a mile without the City:

Age. It seems they find a pleasing entertainment.

Enter Clindor (wounded.)

An. O my heart! what object's this!

Age. *Clindor*, what mean these wounds?

Clind. To kill me, fir, I think; and if they do,
It matters not, life hath with me no value:
Your Brother's lost.

Age. How lost?

Clind. Surpris'd by the base Prince of *Aquitain*,
As they were going to see the holy *Druid*.

An. O heavens! and whither carried?

Clind. To his Fleet that lies here in the Road.
Prince *Clarimant* and I, when we had kill'd
Those that opposed us, pursued to overtake them,
But came just as they put their Barge from shore:
The Prince not considering his wounds,
Transported by his passion, leaps into the sea,
And swam after the Boat; but you may think
In vain, although he could have reacht it.

Age. And so was drown'd!

Clind. Not drown'd, but perhaps worse:
Whether moved by the Ladies prayers, or that they
might not

Lose the profit of his ransom, or with more cruelty
To make an end of him, I know not which,
I saw them take him up into the Boat,
Having disarm'd him first.

Age. He's lost, he's lost!

Just Gods grant me revenge upon the Traitor,
And after punish me which way you please for all
my ills.

Clind. The hope of that revenge is my excuse to
outlive

My master: Think what you are to do.

Age. Thou counsell'st well.

O sir, your help! what is to be done?

K. I am so distracted with the accident —

Age. Lend me your power.

K. Most willingly.

Age. Furnish such ships with all speed possible
As are not so; such as be ready, clap men aboard.
Them strait: For me, were there but one,
By all the Gods, with that I will attempt their rescue.

Au. Then I must go along.

Age. You!

An. Yes, I.

Age. Let some watch on the shore, and see if the
Admiral
Hoise sail, what course he holds.

1. That shall be my employment; but be assured
Whilst the wind keeps where it is,
They cannot pass into the Main.

K. Age. Continue good heaven, and grant your
aid!

Exeunt.

Enter Cleon:

Fortune! thou enemy to wit and industry,
How I could curse thy deity, and this same giddy
Prince,

That

hat by his new affection gives thee power
to ruine my well-laid plots ! But I unjustly
to complain of both : *Clorinda's* beauty
my fate, all my disasters take from her
their being ; I will forget her, tear her from my
heart :

ut then I overthrow the groundwork
of my great design ; no Kingdom,
or no happiness without *Clorinda*.

Enter *Selina*.

Sel. How ! no happiness without *Clorinda* !

Cle. No happiness without *Clorinda* dye,
you know her title to the Crown of *Burgonia*
takes place of mine.

Sel. And why then does she live ?

Cle. It is a question I may better ask,
gave you poison to dispatch her.

Sel. Rather a Cordial to comfort her, — see,
I dare take the rest.

Cle. Hold, dear *Selina* !

Sel. Dear *Selina* ! False perjur'd man, have I
from love

to thee, attempted wickedness so great,
that horror strikes my soul to think upon it ;
and after all cast off like a scorn'd property,
our work perform'd ?

Cle. This jealousie does set a greater value on
thee :

Come, I will open to thee all my heart ;
to make my title strong, I must be married
to *Clorinda*.

Sel. You must !

Cle. Hear me with patience,
mean in policie it were fit :

But

But to secure your fears, before that pass,
The Priest shall secretly joyn us together,
Which dissanuls a second marriage.

Sel. If this be real that you speak,
Perform it now betwixt our selves,
And call the Gods to witness.

Cle. Our hearts already have consented,
What needs there more?

Sel. Is it even so; I left nothing undone
To the last circumstance, that you desired;
Gave *Clarimant*, *Clorinda*, and the Princess
Olinda into your hands. But I perceive
Where your heart's fixt, and I was strangely fool'd,
That ever could believe again.

Cle. I like not this, dear *Selina*,
If you consider well, you have no ground
For jealousy from me. The Prince, within whose
power

We for the present are, neglects his former Mistress,
Makes all addresses, in my judgment, to *Clorinda*.

Sel. In this you more confirm me, that you still
Do love *Clorinda*: since jealousy makes you
Imagine that for which there is no ground;
Or if this Prince like you should prove unfaithful,
Can it be thought *Clorinda* can be moved
To love again, that had no sense of all
Prince *Clarimant* hath done or suffer'd for her sake?

Cle. But she is within his power; and what time
Or force may work! nay, if you will observe,
You'll find she shews no great aversion to him.

Sel. Lend me your eyes, I cannot see it else.

Cle. No more; be confident, *Selina*, I am what
I was.

Sel. Yes, I am confident,
False as the Fiends, too late I find it.

T

Enter

*Enter Prince, Clorinda, Olinda,
Attendants.*

Pr. Most noble *Cleon*!

Clo. Ha! *Cleon*?

Pr. Lend me your help, to let these Ladies know
Nothing but service is intended.

Cle. What mean you sir? she must not know me.

Clo. *Cleon*: Did you not call him *Cleon*?

Pr. No, Madam.

Clo. Sure you did.

Pr. Then I mistook.

Cle. *Cleander* is my name, a servant to your beauty
Lady, and this fair Princess; whose merits
Are so great, that by your selves consider'd,
May well assure of all observance,
Especially from this noble Prince your servant.

Clo. I must confess sir, I believe him every way
So worthy, that I much grieve fortune allotted
Him no other way then force to gain
Possession of his Mistress. Come, Madam, be not sad;
A noble husband makes a large amends
For loss of friends or country; nor are they lost
But for the present.

Olind. I know not how (*Clorinda*) you may
value him;
But I must tell him plainly, his actions
Speak him base and treacherous. (you)

Pr. Madam, I shall not so much grieve to find
Cruel, since this fair Lady not condemns me.

Clo. You shall in nothing, sir, oblige me more,
Then by your using *Clarimant* with courtesie:
Although your enemy, he is my friend;
A nearer interest tho' he most deservingly
Hath sought, my inclination never could allow him.

Pr.

Pr. I shall forget my wounds receiv'd from him;
Neglect all opportunity to take revenge,
If it may be to you a satisfaction.

Clo. Your noble usage of him whilst he is your
prisoner,
At last may turn to your advantage:
Your peace will be the easier made with both the
Kings;
Nay, without doubt this fair Princess
Would easily be granted to you
In exchange for him.

Olind. Me in exchange! first I will be wedded
to my grave.

Pr. Lady, I shall not press you much:
Your pride and scorn darkens your beauty,
Whilst courtesie sets off what in this Lady
Needs no foil.

Cle. It is so.

Clo. I see you are a Courtier, sir, and know how
To oblige those who have power to assist your
wishes:

Your favorable opinion of me, engages my
Best performance with my dearest friend
To make her yours; this coyness shall not last,
Leave me to win her for you. (not

Pr. If you be pleas'd to hold me worthy, I shall
Study to maintain a meaner happiness.

Cle. He is taken past recovery.

Pr. Ladies, we dare not longer bar you
The happiness to enjoy your selves.
Dispose of all things freely in this ship,
Were it the Empire of the world, most
Excellent *Clorinda*, your power were still the same.

Clo. I know you borrow but my name,
The power intended here; and so she must
Conceive it.

Pr. Sir, let me crave some conference with you.

Cle. Command that boy straight from them,
As you respect your happiness:
I'll give you reason for it. *[Ex. Princes, Cleon]*

Sel. O Madam! *[Whispers]*

1. Sir, you must go with me,

Sel. What mean you?

1. The Prince would speak with you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clarimant.

Can I yet live, and know *Clorinda* prisoner,
Subject to all the injuries of power,
And I incapable to serve her? I am not so;
My hands are free, only my heart is flaved
Under misfortune. Were my love such as justly
Might arise from so miraculous a cause,
The ardor of my flame would prompt my heart
And hand to find some way to set her free,
And take revenge upon the treacherous Prince.
But I do find the cause of all this deadness:
My thoughts are active, but there wants
Her favorable influence upon me.
O me! what do my fears suggest!
My eyes and ears, those traitors to my peace,
I will not trust your base intelligence;
You are but the servants of my fear, and not my
reason:
Can injuries or importunity prevail
To make her love this Prince; where love and
service
On my part procured but frowns? O yes,
It may be so; there is a cruelty in Love,
By which that Deity does magnify it self:
Reason or merit must pretend no share
In the free bounties of a heart that Love inclines.

Enter.

Enter Clorinda.

Prince Clarimant ! *Clar.* Ha !

Clo. Why are you so amazed ?

Clar. What light breaks from that cloud,
And with the sudden brightness dazles my sense !
My happiness is such, O speak agen,
That by two witnesses my joys may be confirmed.

Clo. Why are you thus disturb'd ? you oft have
seen me.

Clar. But never thus, never thus unexpectedly,
When I despair'd the happiness.

Clo. Had fortune been so envious to deny an
opportunity,

As I confess this hardly was attain'd,
To give you thanks for the last testimony of your
love ;

Yet reason, and the estimation you do hold of me,
Might well assure you I could not but resent it
Highly.

Clar. O heavens !

Clo. You are sad ; does this acknowledgment
offend you ?

Clar. Offend me, dear *Clorinda* ! 'tis such a joy
As justly might transport me from my self :
But when I do consider all my merit was but intention
And that I can do nothing real in your service,
The sense of my misfortune sinks me down low as
despair. (them,

Clo. The Gods themselves in what we owe to
Do not require above what they inable us
To act : much less is due to me, (part
Who rather am your debtor ; which to acquit in
I chiefly came to clear any suspicion
You might have conceived from my kind usage
Of this traitor Prince ; yet know if you believed me
Guilty, it was a crime I can as hardly pardon
As your too much love. *Clar.*

Clar. The last is such a guilt as every minute multiplies;
And though you cruelly condemn it, such is yet
The riches of my soul.

Clo. But if you wish, as you profess, my happiness
And satisfaction, temper it so, that I may pay the like;
The affection of a brother to a sister I will allow you.

Clar. In this you do so far exceed my hopes or
merit,

That it were ingratitude not to acknowledge
A bounty infinitely great: But since that
Sisterly affection does not debar you
From conferring a greater happiness upon some
other,

A happiness which I must burst with envy to behold:
Nay, curse whom you so bless, you do but raise me
high,

To throw me down with greater violence.

Clo. To cure this fear, the Gods be witness,
No others interest ever shall exceed Prince *Clari-*
mant's.

Clar. Nor shall their happiness then, by this fair
hand.

Clo. But if beyond this you but hope, you in-
jure me

And virtue. — So peace dwell with you.

Clar. Alas, already you forget your promise;
You wish peace, and remove it from me,
Would any sister do so to a brother?

Clo. Yes, to preserve herself and him:
Were we discover'd, you were lost.
The Prince which my unhappy beauty hath surprized
Neglects *Olinda*, and certainly does fix his thoughts
On me: With him, as far as honor would permit,
I have dissembled, entertain'd his flame
With no dislike; by which you are preserv'd as yet,
And

And not ill used : But this stolne visit
 Would to him expresse more kindness
 Then he must think I have for you— { *Enter Prince,*
 I hear some entring the Cabin— { *Cleon, and*
 Heaven ! it is the Prince : { *Sailors.*

Who have we here ? Death seise him,
 And throw him overboard. [*They seise him*]

Clo. O heavens ! what art can save him ?

Clar. O for a sword !

Clo. Dare you presume to speak of love to me,
 And do an act so base ? The meer intent,
 Were you not rooted here, would cancel all your
 interest.

Pr. My interest !

Clo. But if you value my respect so little,
 And your own promise for his noble usage,
 Yet wisdom bids you not forget the advantage
 That his life may bring more then his death.

Cle. She tels you true ; remember why we did
 at first

Preserve him to make our peace ; should not our plot
 Take on *Agenor* :

Pr. Take him away and bind him.

Clo. Why sure he cannot suffice : To leap into the
 Were to perform himself that which you threaten.

Pr. Remove him hence however.

Clar. Fortune ! that gives this man this power.

Pr. I look upon him as a hated Rival, & *Exit with*
 away with him.

Clo. Come, I forgive this passion, the cause

That it proceeds from being love to me,
 The error too that you are in is punishment enough.

Pr. Though I suspect all for dissembled,
 Yet I am pleas'd to hear her ; what was my error ?

Clo. A gross mistake of this stolne visit,
 And yet love was my grand errand.

Pr.

Pr. Where's my mistake then?

Clo. Patience, and hear me: You thought *Olinda*
Once did love you, and you were not mistaken;
She did so till she knew the Prince:
You found her alter'd; and of me mistaking
The true cause, were jealous. Now by the Gods,
If I have truth, she loves the Prince.

Pr. And so I fear do you.

Clo. By way of gratitude; but for affection,
Heaven witness with me I loved another:
Yet where I find distrust and disrespect,
Such as you have exprest, I am no longer bound.

Cle. Infinite cunning!

Clo. But to proceed: Finding this Ladies passions
Strong to *Clarimant*, my obligations great,
By way of gratitude, I thought my self obliged
To make him happy in *Olinda's* love,
And doubt not to effect it, though I must blush to
say so.

I found some arguments besides that prest me
To this undertaking; for were their hearts so fixt
On other, your peace with both the Kings were
quickly made,
And you stood free to make a new election:
Yet were all women of my mind,
You should stay long enough without a wife, you are
so passionate.

Pr. Most excellent *Clorinda*, pardon the rashness
of your servant,
Who henceforth yields himself for ever to be dispos'd
Of by you.

Clo. Well, if I find so, I never was { *Ex Prince*
ungrateful. { *& Clor.*

Cle. How with a twin'd thred does she ride the
As,

And turns him how she please! but when I consider,
It

It is no wonder, she hath a depth of policie
Which all my art could never fathom : True,
Blinded by my love, I could not reach her aims :
But stood I free, she wanting the advantage
Of loves power upon me, how poor and shallow
Were the arts of all the sex ? But as it is,
Fortune hath given this silly Prince
The power to crush me into nothing ;
Breaks his contract with me touching *Clorinda*,
Which was the soul of all my undertaking.
Is there no way to right my self ? yes,
This could revenge my wrongs on him,
But then I perish in the act, and leave *Clorinda*
To be enjoy'd by *Clarimant* : that must not be,
No, ere my Rival shall so happy prove,
I to my hate will sacrifice my love. *Exit.*

Act. 5. Scæn. 1.

Enter *Cleon*, *Clorinda*, *Prince* (following.)

Clo. Sir, pardon this disturbance of your thoughts.

Cle. Your presence rather, fairest Lady,
May rectifie any disorder,
Since you are all a harmony of sweetness.

Clo. Sir, I perceive your power great with this
noble Prince,

And I believe so much a friend to him,
That he would hearken to your counsel :

If you would join with reason, and so perswade him
To set Prince *Clarimant* and the Princess at liberty,
I think it were an act would shew much friendship
To him, and for your self gain what reward
You would desire from both the Kings.

U

Cle.

Cle. I have observed, most beautiful *Clorinda*,
Such an excess of nobleness in you,
I scarcely dare express what I would undertake
To serve you; but then you really
Must let me know all your desires.

Clo. It is *Gleon*.

Cle. Lady, dare you adventure to speak your
wishes?

Clo. I have done so.

Cle. That *Clarimant* and the Princess should be
Delivered, I do believe is your desire:
But is that all? are you pleas'd to be here?

Clo. Why should I not? am I not nobly us'd?

Cle. I know those who are wicked fear not
To break an oath; but such whose heart
Is fill'd with vertue, as I am sure yours is,
Would not be perjur'd for the world.

Clo. To what tends this?

Cle. That you do swear not to discover
What I shall propose touching your service.

Clo. You need not doubt, if it do suit
With what I have express'd is my desire. (yours,

Cle. My end shall be the same, their liberty and
Though happily our ways to that may differ.

Clo. My liberty!

Cle. Yes, yours the most desired:
Swear, and then hear what I propose.

Clo. I do, so far as vertue binds.

Cle. That eye all men have on you.

Clo. If your intents be fair, why will you ask
A stronger obligation then?

Cle. I dare not speak my thoughts without an
oath.

Clo. What can he mean? — I swear never to speak
Of that you shall propound; nor need I,
Since the Prince does overhear.

Cle.

Cle. Then know, I am not ignorant how you
dissemble

With this treacherous Prince, whom you
And all the world must hate.

Clo. This will undo me; I hate the Prince!

Cle. Yes, Lady, deadly; yet less than I.

Pr. 'Tis well.

Cle. All for your sake; and for that noble Prince,
If you consent, this hand, if *Clarimant's*
Be not more able to effect it,
Shall take revenge, and right our general wrongs:

Clo. I do complain of none;
If I did, how could this be effected?

Cle. With ease; nay more, it is not impossible,
The deed done, to escape to shore in the ship-boat,
Into which the Prince and you, the night assisting,
May get before.

Enter Prince.

It is impossible; you are deceiv'd —

A Guard there!

[*Ent. Guard and Sailors.*]

Seize the Villain.

Cle. How? what mean you sir? All that I spoke
Was but to let you see how she abused you,
And this the plot that *Clarimant* and she had laid:
You know, upon your life depends my happiness.

Pr. Mine in thy death:

This cunning cannot save you, *Cleon.*

Cle. Nor do I wish it should,
If you indeed believe me guilty.

Pr. Bind him, I will have thee tortur'd limb from
limb,

Till thou confess all truth.

Clo. Let me intreat, sir, for his life,
However I am by him accused.

Pr. For hating me; which I have too much reason
To believe is truth.

Clo. How can you think so?
Did I not place you to overhear him?

Pr. But knew not what he would deliver.
See *Clarimant* fast bound; and (Madam)
My cabin this night shall be your chamber.

Clo. Perhaps my death-bed: Lost for ever!

Exeunt.

Enter Selina (bound.)

O you just Gods! how all my treasons
Against my sweet and innocent Mistress are return'd
Upon my head! Prince *Clarimant*, I am thy mur-
dres,
To the fair *Olinda*, by my means betraid:
O horror! what will my torments be for this
Hereafter in the other world? All this
For love of thee false *Cleon* have I done,
Thy cursed brain gave birth to all my plots:
Is this the Crown thou mad'st me fondly hope for?
And shall I die without revenge? revenge!
My hands fast bound, there's nothing left that I can
Reach thee with but curses, fruitless curses.
He shall live happy, gain a Kingdom and *Clorinda*,
By her a Kingdom: why should I pity her then?
It is she that is the ground of all my misery,
His love to her makes me thus wretched:
For *Clarimant*, he may hereafter marry with *Olinda*,
All but my self may yet be happy:
Must I alone die wretched, contemn'd and scorn'd?
Why do I longer live, my guilt and miseries so great?
You Gods, or Fiends, remove me from this miserable
Earth, and let me feel new punishments,
If punishments there be hereafter,
These they cannot exceed: how sweet were yet
Revenge! O for revenge, that *Cleon's* heart
Were in my hand! false *Cleon's*! --- no way. *Exit.*
Enter

Enter *Clorinda, Olinda.*

Clo. O dearest *Olinda*, what are the miseries
That we are faln into ! Thinking to rid my self
Of a false Vilain, I have brought ruine
On us all ; no art can help us now.
Oh the hard choice ! to marry with this traitor
Prince ; or *Clarimant* must die.

Olind. It were better you consent to marry with
the Prince,
Then that Prince *Clarimant* should suffer ;
Let not him die however.

Clo. I know your love to *Clarimant*
Makes you perswade me thus : and I would quickly
yield,
Did not my oath to *Clarimant* forbid ;
But would kill my self ere go to bed.

Olind. I must confess I love the Prince,
Be not offended that I say so ;
It was your perswasion first : since, I have seen
Such noble actions, as raises him so far
Above all other men, that they appear
Not worthy of a thought : And yet my love
And estimation of your vertue's such,
I gladly would submit, nay much rejoice
To see such merits join'd.

Enter *Prince, Clarimant (bound)*
and *Guard.*

Pr. *Clarimant*, behold your Judge : for know,
Clorinda,
This minute you must give consent to marry me,
And go to bed ; or else immediately his head
Goes off.

Clo. A cruel choice ! (hand

Olind. Base man ! canst thou expect to scape the
Of justice, after such cruelty ?

Pr.

Pr. It is not from you, Madam, that I expect
An answer : Speak *Clorinda*, give your sentence ;
For by the Gods there is no way but one of these.

Clo. O *Clarimant* !

Clar. Heavens, can you suffer
What you have made so excellent, to be thus
Miserable ?

Pr. These lamentations boot not :
Speak Lady, I can admit of no delay.

Clo. What can I say ?

Pr. No ! strike off his head then.

Clo. Oh hold !

Pr. Speak, are you mine ?

Clo. Say, *Clarimant*.

Clar. Madam, to me death will be ease,
Since I have liv'd to see you injured thus,
And have not power for to revenge it.

Pr. Are you resolved ?

Clar. To suffer what thy barbarous nature can
inflict.

O help ! fire, fire !

[*Within*]

Pr. What cry is that ?

Quench, quench the fire.

[*Within*]

Enter 1.

O fir, we are all undone ! the fire hath taken
Amongst the Cabins, past all hope of extinguishing.

Enter 2:

Flie, flie ! the ship, the cordage is a fire :
For all the water we can bring, it still increases.

Pr. What, burn in the sea ! slaves, quench the
flames.

2. The Sailors, fir, descend into the Boat :

Make

Make sure of that, and reach your other ships,
The only means of safety.

Pr. Hell and confusion!

2. There's none obey command; but each man
looks

To his own safety.

Clar. O heavens! must then *Clorinda* perish!

Pr. Make sure of the Long-boat for me: Some
one kill *Cleon*,

Or rather let him perish in the flames.

My wounds receiv'd from *Clarimant*, I will revenge
My self. [Offers to kill]

Cla. O sir, if you have hope in me!

Pr. It is true; he shall not die yet,

But the Gods hereafter shall not save him,

Though they thus crost my wishes now: Come
Lady,

I will take care of you.

Cla. We must not part.

Pr. I mean it not; there may be use of her,

Nay for your sake bring *Clarimant* along!

Clar. 'Tis for thine own, false Prince.

Pr. But look well to him.

Clar. You Gods!

Your powerful justice in these flames is shown,

Preserve *Clorinda*, and your mercy's known. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sailor (with a casket.)

Gramercy fire! the element of water never yet
Afforded me so much: this I can swim to shore
With; yet the wind blows high; but to the
Shoreward I may escape; if not, why so
Whoever finds my body, shall give me thanks.

Enter

Enter Selina (her hands bound.)

Sel. O gentle Sailor, untie my hands!

Sail. A pretty boy; come, — It will not do,
My knife: so, canst swim?

Sel. Oh no.

(be

Sail. Then get some board or pack: I fear I shall
Drown'd, I am so well natur'd on the sudden.

No use of this —

Exit.

Enter Cleon (hands bound.)

Cle. Just heavens!

Sel. True, *Cleon*; never so manifest.

Cle. Gentle *Selina*, unbind my hands.

Sel. I were ingrate else, *Cleon*: you did as much
for me.

Cle. And would do more; any thing; unbind
me, Sweet,

I'll swim with thee upon my back to shore.

Sel. You cannot swim, I am sure you shall not.

Cle. No creature living better; I oft have swam
two leagues

For pleasure: O delay not, the fire approaches.

Sel. But will you marry me, and make good all
your promises?

Cle. By the Gods I will.

Sel. Sure you will agen deceive me.

Cle. Never, by my hopes.

Sel. The only time you ever yet spoke truth —
You shall not: yet still thy heart is false.

Cle. It is not; quick unbind me, gentle *Selina*.

Sel. Well, for once I'll try what your heart holds.

Cle. Blest *Selina*! O cruel! yet { *She wounds*
spare me { *him.*

Dear *Selina*.

Sel. Yes, when I see your heart, or blood come
from it.

Cle. O witch, devil!

Sel.

Sel. I am to thee so : What policie can now defend ?

Know to thy greater torment, I set the ship
On fire, only to be reveng'd on thee,
Not hoping such a happiness as this,
With these to behold thy false heart blood.

Cle. O that my eyes could look thee dead !

Sel. I will see them closed, my dearest husband,
It is my duty.

Cle. First we'll to sea together.

Sel. Since we must —

*Exeunt, fall as
into the sea.*

*Enter Prince, Clarimant, Clorinda,
Olinda, Sailors.*

1 Sail. It were best to enter further within the
wood :

A Boat made after us when we forsook the ship:

2 Sail. Some Fisherman, that to avoid the storm,
Put to the shore.

Pr. Let the winds blow and split, since we are
Here : Fire, air, and water have oppos'd my wishes;
Kind mother Earth grant what they have denied.
But why should I intreat, that may command
All my desires ? Once more, *Clorinda*,
I propose the choice ; say, shall he die,
Or will you make me happy, who loves you
More than he ?

Clar. Traitor thou lyest : He that truly loves
Clorinda, (hands,
Would give some noble testimony : Unbinde my
And by my death, as a worthy Rival,
Win her from me : I ask no sword, (heart
Only the freedom of my hands ; but if thy coward
Think that too much, take all these to assist:

Pr. You need not pull death faster on you
By injurious words ; it is ready,

Speak *Clorinda*, or he dies. X *Cle.*

Cl. Hold, and give me leave to speak a few sad words.

Dear *Clarimant*, I know to save your life,
And yield my self anothers, were such a choice
You never could allow, since to the miserable
Life is a burden: Could my death
Make you happy, the Gods be witness
I would lay it down with joy.
Our fates I find are one; the merit of your love
And sufferings for my sake is such,
That I should hold my self ingrate,
Did I not grant you any thing
That I might think might comfort you in death.

Clar. But shall I dare to speak my wishes?

Cl. More then dare; I do enjoin it.

Clar. There is a happiness would make my death
My triumph.

Cl. I understand you. Here! alas that I should
give

My hand to *Clarimant*, and he not able
To receive it! Our hearts may yet be join'd
For ever, and only by these miseries
They could have been.

Pr. Is this the fruit of my delay,
To hear my Rival courted?

Cl. Know tyrant, 'tis the same, *{ Offers to kill Clar.*
Cl. steps between,
One stroke dispatches both. *{ and Oli. hinders it.*

Clar. Strike here then, villain.

Oli. Devil, dost thou believe there are no Gods?

Enter *Agenor*, *Clindor*.

Age. *Clindor*, this way I saw them enter.

Clind. I am out of breath, sir.

Pr. Ha, who are these?

Clind. See sir, the traitor *Prince*.

The Passionate Lover.

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Clar. Unbind me, dear *Clorinda*.

(*Agenor and Clindor fight with the Prince, then drive off the sailors and follow them: Clar. kills the Prince. Then*)

Enter *Agenor* (wounded) and *Clindor*.

Clar. O dearest brother, how is it with you?

Age. Well, *Clarimant*, never so well.

Glo. By all that's good, you never in my eye
Lookt half so lovely as now: yet till this day

I never could have said I lov'd another better

Then your Majesty,

Age. If it be *Clarimant*, my joys are then complete.

Olind. It is he, sir; who could else deserve it?

Age. How favourable are the Gods unto the
vertuous!

How just to wicked men! How glad will my *Austela*
be

Of this, who with the King will straight be here?

They from the shore beheld your ship, when it

Took fire, saw you put off from it,

And watcht your landing certainly.

Clar. Know you what Bark it was
That follow'd us at sea?

Age. I was in that, and *Clindor*,
Some twenty with me to watch the ship,
Till other Vessels were prepared:

So swift she was of sail, that all the Fleet

Could not have hurt us. — See, the King!

Enter King, *Austela*, Attendants.

An. What happiness? all safe?

K. Welcom again, my dearest.

Age: Let's lose no time; delay were now ingratitude:

See, a Temple close by prompts us
To the performance of two duties:
The burial of this unhappy Prince;
But chiefly to render thanks unto the Gods.
Deliverance so great, alacrity commands
In giving thanks; that done, we'll join your hands.

Clor. It were folly now to deny the ceremonial,
The real part already past.

Clar. O dear *Clorinda*!

'Twere vain to think words could my joys express,
Rais'd from despair to such a happiness.

Exit.

FINIS.

Epilogue.

First, Ladies; unto you I am addrest,
As those who judge of Lovers actions best:
If Clarimant your suffrages hath gain'd,
Our Author hath his chiefest end obtain'd.

Now Sirs to you —

Sure here's no Lover will Clorinda blame
For gratitude, since you must hope the same:
Perhaps you rather think she was too nice,
That such a flame no sooner thaw'd her ice:
Our Author hopes she did but her just part;
He nobly woo'd, she timely gave her heart.
To both the sexes we prefer this fate;
Ere you give sentence, with your selves dispute:
If then condemn'd, to whom should we appeal,
But to that Prince that pardons faults of zeal?
If then condemn'd, 'twere pride to make appeal,
Yet there remains a pardon in our zeal.

